RENNIE DAVIS, JOHN SINCLAIR, SPIRO AGNEW, ELVIS PRESLEY & PAUL McCARTNEY, KEN KESEY, DAVID VALLER, & LOTS MO

ANN ARBOR
ARGUS

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25¢

washington
p. 3

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Brothers + Sisters:
We're back — an' hello again! Yes, we had a slight delay with this issue — not of our choosing, you understand. It seems some people don't want us around. But we won't let them. Have nothin to do with nothin! We now have a big house — ours forever, — and live communally. We are at 708 Arch Street, between State & Packard. So c'mon over & visit. Meanwhile, from here on in we'll be out on alternate Wednesdays. So enjoy, enjoy, and WRITE ON!!!

— Argus
5th St.

P.S. We had to go up to 25¢ this time. We don't think it's so much considering the product — 2 sections, 2 colors all the time, and all the tasty news items. Plus all the legal expenses from the obscenity bust — which is alot. Shd spiel by the way — should start April 1st and the beginning of the year. We'll keep you posted, on this & everything else.

POLITICAL PRISONER: John Sinclair
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PHOTO/Jeff Blankfort

Argus Editorial

It is clear to all those who have followed the Conspiracy Trial in Chicago that the ruling forces of the United States have shed their disguise of a legal constitutional authority and have revealed themselves to be a government of, by and for the oppression of those people who seek the liberation of mankind from the economic and political misery of this country.

These ruling forces have taken eight men and placed them on trial for conspiracy to incite to riot; eight men who have spent their lives fighting the forces of oppression that the United States employs upon people at home and throughout the world. The actions of the government throughout the world have been condensed and brought into the so-called courtroom. The judge badgers and vilifies the defendants, denies them their rights to a legal defense and has had Bobby Seale, Chairman of the Black Panther Party chained and gagged.

The latest outrage upon Bobby Seale has been to sentence him to four years for contempt of court. Contempt of court in this country means defending oneself from the lies and slanders of paid informers. Bobby Seale, Chairman and Co-Founder of the Black Panther Party is to spend the next four years in jail becuase he objected to being enslaved in the court. Another leader of the Black Panther Party is being silenced, as the government tries to destroy the first truly revolutionary party in this country. The Black Panther Party has always spoken directly to the needs of the Black Community and sought to free that community from the domestic imperialism of the United States. Bobby Seale leads the Party in its struggle against the forces of exploitation in this country. Bobby Seale and the Black Panther Party are more than the leadership of the Black Community.

The Party has brought the necessary revolutionary political analysis to the young people of this country–black, brown, red and white. Without the Panthers and their exemplary organizing, the struggle in this country would be silenced. But Bobby spoke to all of us when he told us to find out who controls the police, who runs this country, who profits from the war in Vietnam. Now the ruling class has taken Bobby Seale prisoner. And it is clear that he will be murdered unless we effect his release. All of us must realize that this government has declared war on the people of the world and is trying to remove our leadership. It must be made perfectly clear that Bobby Seale will be defended and protected by any means necessary. That, if, in fact, the ruling class succeeds in the attempt to execute Bobby Seale, we will act in a truly revolutionary fashion to protect our brothers and sisters–no more of our people will be taken to jail.

Free Bobby Seale!

ANN ARBOR ARGUS

The

By DAVID SCHANOES
&
KEN KELLEY

WASHINGTON–"You know what I think," said Jerry Rubin to Abbie Hoffman backstage looking over the heavy line of New Mobe Marshalls around the New Mobe speaker's platform. "I think Spiro Agnew is right–they are a bunch of impudent slobs!"

Down Pennsylvania Avenue, from the Mall to the Washington Monument, Mobe marshalls stand shoulder to shoulder armband to armband. The marshalls divide the street neatly in half. One half is the marchers' half, the other half belongs to the traffic. There is no toleration of "border violations." The marchers are herded together and at times pushed back from the line. Under the banner of the Buffalo Defense League and the flag of North Vietnam, the Red Flag Revolutionaries have joined to form a contingent of several hundred. While the Mobe Marshalls prod the marchers on, several of these revolutionary contingents form throughout the line of the march. The mobe sings Peace Now, the revolutionaries chant "1-2-3-4 We don't want your fuckin' war, 5-6-7-8 organize and smash the state." The revolutionaries form tight lines and lock arms, and then with Indian whoops turn and face the marshalls.

"Get back in line," yells a marshall.

"Power to the people," replies the whole contingent, and suddenly they break through the line of marshalls, onto the other half of the street, where they run with the Vietnamese Flags at their head, arms locked, lines together, down the street.

"Get back in line!"

"Support the NLF."

Some people in the regular line of march are upset. Others are pleased. Others even break through their marshalls and join the running. The police are confused. Should they try and stop the revolutionaries? Should they move in? Or should they let the Mobe handle it? The Mobe marshalls move to block the revolutionaries. The marshalls are all long hair college students, the type who were marshalls during the October Moratorium. These are the "We don't want any trouble," marshalls; the same marshalls who were at the Inauguration to prevent the people from fighting off arrests by the police. These are marshalls who are the cops of the movement. "Stay on this side of the line. . ." or else.

The marshalls form up two deep across Pennsylvania Avenue arms locked. The crowd of marchers watches intently. Other marshalls raise the V-sign and say Peace Peace, as if that will bring everyone together. The revolutionaries look at the marshalls and a very strange and beautiful thing happens. All two hundred people become one; all reach to each other for support; all quicken the pace and become stronger. One thought flashes: break the line. The police stand on the side and watch; the marshalls brace. The revolutionaries hit the line and break it open and race to the head of the march. Clenched fists, war whoops, smiles, ENERGY. The marshalls return to the mass of marchers. "All right, all right, stay in line. Okay now everybody together, all we are saying is give peace a chance."

Despite the sheer impressiveness of over one million people attending a single anti-war rally, November 15 did not mark a step forward in the struggle to end oppression and exploitation by the United States. The mood of the main body of marchers was more in line with Washington 1963 than Chicago of 1968, and two things were evident throughout the entire weekend. One, the New Mobe does more to destroy radical consciousness and revolutionary potential than TV does [no easy feat] and two, despite warranted criticism, Weatherman are more advanced politically than anyone else. The Weathermen are impressive because they have come to grips with the basis of all liberation. Revolutionary awareness necessitates revolutionary action.

Friday night, the Weathermen, RYM II, and the Crazies organized a rally in Du-Pont circle that would move down Massa-

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Peacecreeps' March

chusetts Avenue to the South Vietnamese Embassy. The action would attempt to return the embassy to the people of Viet Nam and their representatives, the Provisional Revolutionary Government. The Washington police moved in and blocked off the streets leading to the Embassy but left the other streets open. The Weathermen sent the word down, leave in groups of twos or threes and meet behind the police lines. The circle empties out and the police are outflanked. Up Massachusetts Avenue several thousand young people race—"Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh, the NLF is going to win." As they approach the embassy, police line up and block the street.

"This is an unlawful assembly."

"So are you."

"You are ordered to disperse or face arrest."

The police move forward and the people move back, hurling apples and bottles as they do. And then the police fire canisters of CS tear gas. They blanket the entire area hoping to scatter the young people, but this is 1969 and people can fight through tear gas. Marchers go down side streets and return to hurl more rocks and receive more gas. The battle lasts for three hours. Few are arrested, the Washington police have been well schooled in crowd control and know that gas is more effective than clubs, minimal violence, maximum effect, plus no bloody Chicagos for the world to see. Around the circle police gas young people, and the young people attack windows of banks and stock companies, glass litters the street.

The rest of the night people pour into the city and gather at the movement centers. Most of them are young people, with some older people. The only other action, however, for that night is the March Against Death. For two days people have walked down Pennsylvania Avenue carrying signs with the name of a dead American GI or a decimated Vietnamese Village. As they approach the White House each one turns and yells the name he carries at President Nixon. There is no doubting the sincerity of these marchers; their desire for peace, through bitter cold and rain and hail they march. But no one screams about all the dead Vietnamese, or the fact that a country is bring destroyed to preserve an economic system that feeds off of stolen labor. No one screams that the NLF are freedom fighters, no one carries a sign with the names Bobby Hutton, or Bunchy Carter, or John Huggins.

All through the night they march, some solemn some cheerful. The White House side of Pennsylvania Avenue is roped off and the marshalls make sure that only the marchers walk down "their side." The most striking thing about the marchers is their attitude toward the police. Time and time again they give the police big smiles and "Good morning, officer. How are you?" They go out of their way to be pleasant with the police. It seems as if singlehandedly, these marchers are trying to overcome not only their own distrust of police but everyone else also. By some magical effect of a smile they will remove Chicago, Berkeley, Columbia, San Francisco State, Oakland, and the innumerable attacks on the Black Panther Party from the face of history. That will be the tone of the weekend. Not the police or the state versus the youth, but rather "peace-lovers" versus the destructive commies, and police are classified as peace lovers.

Saturday morning is bright and cold. People fill the mall and spill out into the surrounding areas. By ten o'clock, the marchers move down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the rally grounds under the watchful eyes of the police, red squads, helicopters, and the omnipresent Mobe marshalls. The revolutionary contingent has already been denied speakers on the platform or the right to place a Vietnamese flag on the podium. The Mobe considers the march to be their private property; they seriously believe they have the right to make all decisions and enforce their decisions with physical violence. The revolutionary contingent will be isolated and forced away from the rest of the rally and excluded from speaking. As the people march into the park, the revolutionaries meet. Most are upset by the list of speakers. McGovern, Spock, Coffin, Goodell, the cream of the liberals, the liberals who held Hubert Humphrey's hand at the convention, the liberals from New York State where 21 Black Panthers are facing conspiracy charges. Dave Dellinger is going to speak and his turns out to be the best speech of the afternoon, offering at least some analysis of the society we live in. But Jerry Rubin will not be allowed to speak, and none of the liberal speakers even speaks about the nine demands that were issued from the Mobe in calling for the rally.

As the revolutionaries turn to walk closer to the platform they are met by [yes, again] a line of Mobe marshalls.

"You can't get any closer."

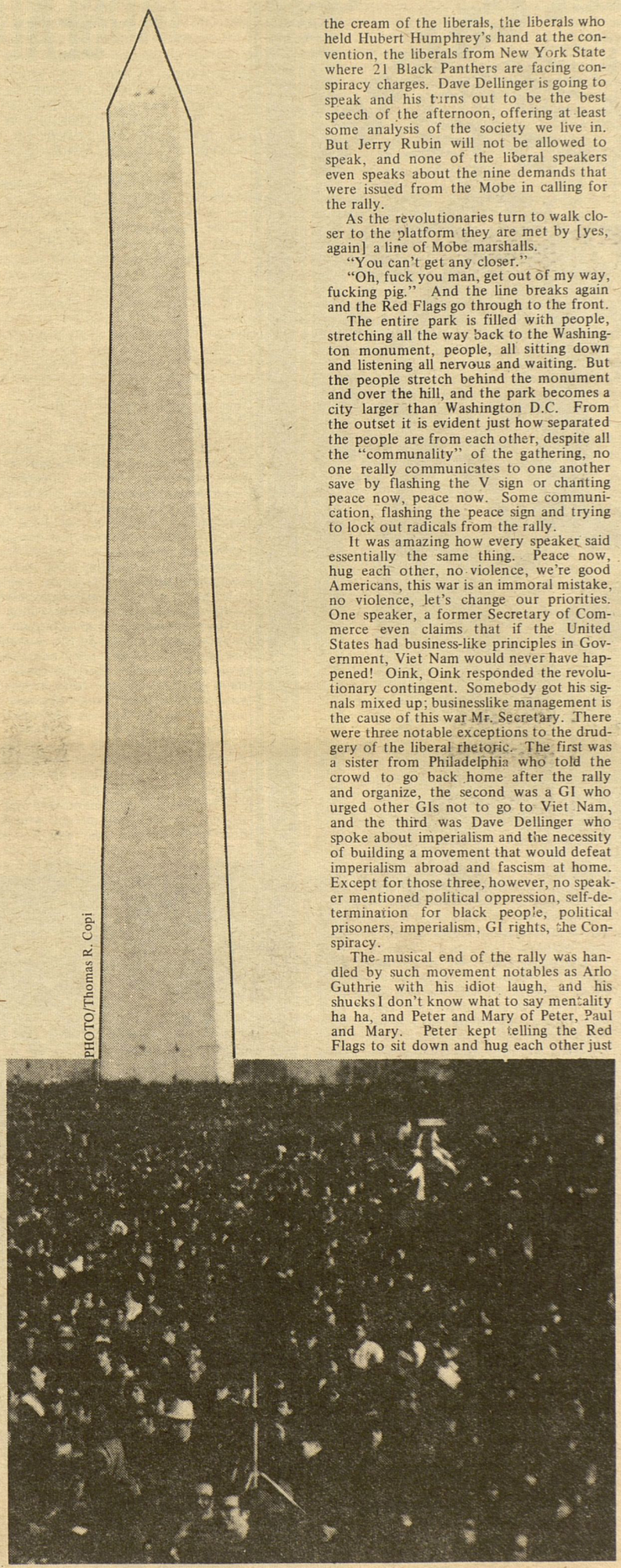
"Oh, fuck you man, get out of my way, fucking pig." And the line breaks again and the Red Flags go through to the front.

The entire park is filled with people, stretching all the way back to the Washington monument, people, all sitting down and listening all nervous and waiting. But the people stretch behind the monument and over the hill, and the park becomes a city larger than Washington D.C. From the outset it is evident just how separated the people are from each other, despite all the "communality" of the gathering, no one really communicates to one another save by flashing the V sign or chanting peace now, peace now. Some communication, flashing the peace sign and trying to lock out radicals from the rally.

It was amazing how every speaker said essentially the same thing. Peace now, hug each other, no violence, we're good Americans, this war is an immoral mistake, no violence, let's change our priorities. One speaker, a former Secretary of Commerce even claims that if the United States had business-like principles in Government, Viet Nam would never have happened! Oink, Oink responded the revolutionary contingent. Somebody got his signals mixed up; businesslike management is the cause of this war Mr. Secretary. There were three notable exceptions to the drudgery of the liberal rhetoric. The first was a sister from Philadelphia who told the crowd to go back home after the rally and organize, the second was a GI who urged other GIs not to go to Viet Nam, and the third was Dave Dellinger who spoke about imperialism and the necessity of building a movement that would defeat imperialism abroad and fascism at home. Except for those three, however, no speaker mentioned political oppression, self-determination for black people, political prisoners, imperialism, GI rights, the Conspiracy.

The musical end of the rally was handled by such movement notables as Arlo Guthrie with his idiot laugh, and his shucks I don't know what to say mentality ha ha, and Peter and Mary of Peter, Paul and Mary. Peter kept telling the Red Flags to sit down and hug each other just like everyone else and just give peace a chance, while the Mobe marshalls kept trying to separate the revolutionaries from each other. Thank you, Peter, give us a chance. And finally at the end of the rally Pete Seeger and Richie Havens and Peter and Mary and Tim Hardin all got together under the direction of Mitch Miller and sang give peace a chance with one million people joining them and holding two fingers aloft. Just follow the bouncing ball folks and this war will end, and all you commie disrupters out there, all you crazies, well either you get in tune and stop singing all power to the people and Free Bobby Seale, now come on sing along with us, give peace a chance, and if you don't you goddam punks, we'll snuff you, that's all we're saying.

As the rally broke up, people began to gather on Constitution Avenue for the march on the Justice Department to demand an end to the Conspiracy trial and to free Bobby Seale. The tone of the march was militant, the action itself would be militant and out of the one million ten thousand or maybe twenty thousand joined. The Youth International Party was the sponsor of the march, and the ten or twenty thousand marched behind Vietnamese flags, red flags, stop the trial banners, and three gigantic papier mache masks—Nixon, Agnew, and Mitchell, and a huge gavel. There were no marshals for this march, but somehow the New Mobilization marshalls think that they are the police force for every demonstration, invited or not. The line of marchers went around the building chanting Free Bobby Seale, Stop the Trial. The building was surrounded by police with clubs and masks, but no guns! Troops were stationed across the street in the Commerce Building if they were needed and a helicopter circled over head. As the marchers gathered in front of the building a brother placed a Building Condemned poster on the front. Next came a fed flag, and then the flag of North Vietnam. Suddenly the Weathermen appear, running together. This is the second exposure of and to the Weathermen, and every one awaits the appearance eagerly. Respect for the Weathermen has increased greatly since last October, mainly due to Friday's action in DuPont Circle, and Weatherman's willingness to accept some principled criticism Most people still hold to their criticism of the Chicago action and Weatherman analysis in general but understand that Weatherman is an important force in the movement and not just a bunch of adventurists, as PL would have one believe. The Weathermen arrive and meet in their affinity groups. Some bottles and bricks are flying out of the crowd and the American Flag is lowered and replaced by the flag of North Vietnam and more bricks and bottles fly. A red smoke bomb explodes and red paint bombs hit the wall of the department. Behind the marchers, the Mobe people chant, "No violence, No violence," and several Mobe marshalls run up to the building and stand on the ledge as a human wall to stop the people from throwing bricks. They hold up the V sign as some sort of pacifier, but still the bottles come and shatter windows over their heads. Some people move to the doors and start pounding on them. "We want Seale, We want Seale, Stop the Trial." The first round of gas hits the ground as the people swarm over the doors. Many people split, many stay their ground. The police lines move up and fire more gas, pepper fog machines are turned on, and everyone gets heavily dosed. Handkerchiefs are soaked with water, masks are worn and people regroup several times in front of the building. The police do not charge into the crowd, and in fact walk around it several times. They appear to be under orders to make as few



PHOTO/Thomas R. Copi

NOTE: Be sure to glom the rest of the killer photos from the big March on Washington, available for your viewing pleasure in the center of the other section of this issue.

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Bobby Seale Chained in Slave Market Chicago

By ABE PECK
Special to the Argus

Walk into the courtroom
I know it's gonna bring me down
That big. . .bald representative of justice
And the prosecutor begins to frown. . .
—Moby Grape
Murder in My Heart for the Judge

At 4:10 p.m. on this sixth day of November, 1969, Bobby Seale, Chairman of the Black Panther Party and one of the eight Conspiracy defendants on trial in Chicago, was condemned to three months for each of sixteen counts of contempt. In addition to this four year jail sentence, a mistrial was declared "on his behalf," with April 23, 1970 being set as the date for a second attempt to secure a guilty verdict in accord with the 1968 anti-riot act.

The morning court session ended before any testimony was given. Bobby arose and attempted to cross-examine Bill H. Ray, a deputy sheriff from San Mateo County, California, who previously stated that he had seen Bobby board a plane bound for Chicago and Detroit during the Democratic National Convention last August. He did this after defense attorneys Bill Kunstler and Lennie Weinglass told the judge they did not represent the Black Panther Chairman.

Court resumed session at 2:45. Hoffman took one-and-one-half hours to read the contempt charges. He made no mention of Bobby's having fired all counsel except the ailing Charles R. Garry at the very beginning of the trial. He failed to mention that Garry had announced on November 3rd. that poor health would prevent him from attending the trial in even the most limited capacity. Hoffman merely read from the record, his cackling voice cracking the silence that enveloped the room.

Responding to Hoffman's invitation to reply, Bobby commented on the irony of his finally being allowed to speak after exactly six weeks of inquisition. Judge Hoffman replied: "This is a special occasion."

After a short statement about his inalienable right to defend himself, Bobby sat down. The judge then pronounced sentence.

As Bobby was taken into the lockup by a squad of marshals, many in both the press and spectator sections shouted "Right On" and "Power to the People."

The marshals cleared the courtroom after Abbie Hoffman spoke about the November 15th march on the Department of Injustice in Washington, D.C. and pledged, "We'll take care of business."

An appeal is being made, and liberal sentiment will probably result in a reduction of Bobby's sentence. Perhaps a "meaningful compromise" will be arrived at—two years in the penitentiary for trying to defend oneself against trumped-up charges based on a vague and totalitarian law. Perhaps Bobby will be found not guilty in 1970—when the government, the entity which is so quick to inform us that it presumes innocence until guilt is proven, allows him to leave prison for daily visits to the Federal Building. Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps. . .

The persecution and assassination of Bobby G. Seale, as conducted by Judge Julius Jennings Hoffman and the office of the United States Attorney, turned a modernistic courtroom into a charred crematorium and turned those of us who remained still through the indictment and sentencing into Good Germans. We sat silently, searching through two thousand years of Judeo-Christian heritage for an exclusive pragmatic sanction. We ransacked our minds and souls for some way to compartmentalize and rationalize the experience, for some mental gymnastic that might save us from going berserk. We reminded ourselves as we drummed our pens and closed our eyes that "Fuck . . .the. . .judge" would cost four months a word.

Judge Hoffman charged Bobby with deliberately trying "to sabotage the functions of the federal judiciary." He is the same judge who admitted to ordering the shackling and gagging not because of any disruption, but because he believed that a few utterances of "pig" and "fascist" born of weeks of frustration were more important than righting 400 years of oppression and exploitation. He is the same judge who sincerely and insanely reminds the gallery of his dedication to "Negro Rights."

He is a Jewish Nazi.

United States Attorneys Foran and Schultz were laughing as Bobby was taken from the courtroom. It was Richard Schultz who said that chaining Bobby had been done to "safeguard the rights" of all eight defendants.

They are in the words of LNS staff member Allen Young, "war criminals."

The trial of the Chicago Seven resumed Thursday at the Ministry of Truth.

CLEAVER ON SEALE ON ICE

STATEMENT FROM THE MINISTER OF INFORMATION, OF THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY: ELDRIDGE CLEAVER, TO ALL REACTIONARY JOURNALISTS AND PRESSMEN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

I have been informed by responsible leaders of the Black Panther Party that our Chairman Bobby Seale has been bound and gagged, in Judge Hoffman's court in Chicago where he's now on trial. I've been told that they have been trying all kinds of gags out on Bobby to keep him silent, but somehow he continues to talk. I've been told that members of the jury are actually crying out of some terror, some fear, some guilt, when they see Bobby in the position that he's in and continuing to defend himself and to speak up for justice even through a gag. This doesn't surprise me at all to hear that the Chairman of the Black Panther Party has been bound and gagged in a courtroom in Chicago. It doesn't really surprise me because I'm fully aware that the court system in the United States is part and parcel of the apparatus for oppression under which Black people have yet lived ever since they were brought to the United States as slaves. I'm fully aware of what the institutions of American society can do to the oppressed people. But one thing that sometimes is a little hard to understand, the role that is played in making excuses and justifying the actions of the ruling class of the oppressors. I'm speaking specifically about the members of the mass media, the press, radio, and television. And I want it to be clear that I'm speaking to them as a colleague of theirs, because I'm a journalist myself. And I pay very close attention to the way that information is disseminated from the mass media. And I've become aware, as many people are aware that one of the key instruments of oppression, of controlling the oppressed people, is the mass media.

The mass media manipulated and controlled by intelligent people who know how to formulate ideas and who know how to invent stories and fairy tales that explain away the fiendish and evil activities of the oppressor and confuses the oppressed by taking them on a trip. These are criminal activities, these are counter-revolutionary activities, these are activities that perpetuate oppression. These are activities that justify the murderous operations of the United States government, for instance in Vietnam, or in Korea, or in Palestine, or in Africa, Asia, Latin America, anywhere you go. Where you find an oppressive regime in power, you find violence, hidden, conniving of the imperialist United States government. Domestically we find the fascist government that has taken off its mask under Richard Nixon. Richard Nixon, the man who was a member of the HUAC, special advisor to the HUAC when Martin Dies was the chairman of that body. A man who has built his entire career on political chicanery, and deception, and demagogue. The United States of America is in the hands of this man who unleashed Bulldog Hoover upon the people, upon militant spokesman of the people, released him upon the Chairman of the Black Panther Party, Bobby Seale.

In this situation speaking specifically for myself I can not relate to the judicial system of the United States of America, I cannot relate to what Judge Hoffman is doing to the Chairman of the Black Panther Party. And I cannot relate to anyone who does anything to justify that. So that, up against the wall for the men of words, who create phoney television presentations, who broadcasts bullshit to children or who write lies in newspapers. I don't care what newspaper it is, or which television it is. In order for the people to be able to deal with the crisis that they face, they have to have the truth, and they have to have implacable justice for those who conceal the truth; and for those who confuse the people by disseminating false information.

So it's very difficult for me to focus specific hostilities at any one particular instrument or a section of the American ruling class. Because I feel the same about everyone of them, every member of that ruling class. And every profession, every section of the economy, every cate-

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HAYDEN ON AMERIKA ON TRIAL

[Editor's note: the following statement was issued by Tom Hayden at a press conference in Chicago on Thursday, October 30.]

CHICAGO—We came to Chicago last year because we were living under a system that did not represent us, that was culturally and politically meaningless and I think that we have now been vindicated as prophets.

The war in Vietnam still goes on. President Nixon has carried on the policies of president Johnson. President Nixon in fact has used Johnson's very words in condemning and ignoring the anti-war sentiment.

This is what we were protesting last year when we said that we have no role in this, that this has no meaning to us—there is no real choice for the American people. And when Hubert Humphrey at the time of the Moratorium became the man to endorse Richard Nixon's policy, it all came through in the clearest and simplest way: for here were the same men who we said represented no choice last year, now endorsing each other and trying to carry on policies of last year.

The people who came to the streets of Chicago last year were prophetic about which way this country was going—how it was going to treat young people—and now I think we see the same process recurring in the courtroom that occurred last year around the Convention.

First, the government takes away constitutional rights that are accorded to every person; they did that most clearly last year at the Convention when they used permits as a political weapon to keep people out of the city, they are doing it in this case most notoriously and most frighteningly to Bobby Seale who has, in our opinion, a constitutional right over which people fought a civil war in this country, a right that was established in the Reconstruction period, guaranteeing black people the right to represent themselves, and deal with political problems in the courts of white society. That's the constitutional right that is being obscured and undermined and forgotten here. Then, when we attempt to hold onto these constitutional rights, last year in the streets by demonstrating, this year in the courtroom in the statements of Bobby Seale, the government begins a propaganda drive to claim that we are disrupters for trying to hold on to constitutional rights.

They have said over and over that Bobby Seale and the other defendants are disrupting the trial, they have characterized Bobby Seale's statements as "outbursts." Now, I think personally that in the face of this kind of injustice an outburst is called for; but let us look at the facts of the situation.

These are not "outbursts." When Bobby Seale speaks it has always been when his name has been called by a witness, it is after the other attorneys have attempted to cross-examine. That is not an outburst, that is a man attempting at the proper time to exercise rights that are his, and which cannot be abridged by a federal court, or any court.

The government says, with Bobby bound and gagged, that he should not exercise these rights, which are his rights, that somehow he should let an appeals court consider them. But what they are asking him to do is return to the legal status of a slave during the process of this trial, having made a point about this slave condition for the appeals record. They take no account of the irreparable harm that this does to him, and the other defendants in this case, and they claim that it is somehow an "outburst" for a man to try to maintain a legal position during the trial.

Their idea of order is Slavery. When they say we need to preserve order, and when they have the audacity to say that they're preserving this order for the sake of Bobby Seale, Rennie Davis, myself and others, who are they kidding? They are preserving an order which eliminates the rights which are ours, have been ours for hundreds of years, have been Bobby Seale's and black people's rights for hundreds of years, and specifically since the Reconstruction era. That is not order.

So we want to make it clear that the outbursts are not bad or irrational, but

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Piercing Pig Pierson

By STEW ALBERT

CHICAGO [LNS]—I first met Bob Pierson in Lincoln Park in Chicago during the Democratic Convention. He was a big unshaven motorcycle guy who wanted to fight pigs and be Jerry Rubin's best friend. The guy was very likeable, a big soft spoken bear with a bit of sadness in a brute soul. He seemed very lonely among the Yippies.

Bob Pierson came back to Chicago this week as an undercover pig squealing on the Conspiracy 8 witness stand. He's now a clean shaven robot who is trying to send eight of the best people I know to a Federal Pen for ten years, and he is lying his mechanical snout off. The sadness and the loneliness are still there, but the brute soul has been replaced by an empty package wrapped very ugly. He looked better on a motorcycle. The three days he spent with us were probably the best in his life.

Pierson is one of a strange array of monsters Richard Nixon has assembled for the purpose of judicially disposing of the American Revolution.

The chief bloodsucker is Julius Hoffman. The world has seen Hang 'em High Hoffman before. At one time he presided over the Spanish Inquisition, then over a People's Court in Nazi Germany. I had him every year in High School Math, and I failed the course before ever entering the room.

Hoffman deals with the defense lawyers as if they were on trial too, charged with something much more serious than conspiracy to riot. The lawyers are charged with talking back to Judge Hoffman.

The prosecution technique is to introduce evidence of the defendant's activities during the Democratic Convention. Of course these activities such as the delivery of speeches, were completely legal but their presentation in the courtroom is designed to get the jury pissed off at the defendants. Attempts to work up prejudice of this sort are occasionally mixed with the testimony of undercover pigs who make up lies about rock-throwing and ass-kicking.

Our Supreme Court once ruled that if the prejudicial effect of something outweighed its value as proof, then you can't introduce it as evidence. But prejudice does not exist as a category of law in Hoffman's tight little mind. So he permits the prosecution to hang our friends on any tree in the city, a place to which they originally came for a Festival of Life.

Judge Magoo masturbates in chair in office in Chicago.

Julius Hoffman used to be known as Mr. Magoo because of his five-foot stature, his ancient age, and the seemingly cute pinched face which expressed a bumbling blindness. But there is nothing cute about the judge. Julius Hoffman has disgraced the good Magoo. His old, wretched flesh is animated by a total malevolence. He has not had an acquittal in his courtroom for years [not once in 24 cases] and he never grants appeal bonds. The government picked him as a sure executioner, a hanging judge, and he is performing with expected ignobility.

The jury is middle-aged and dry. They seem to be completely unanimated; ten women and two men who were selected by the judge in a single two-hour session, without even being asked if they might hate the defendants because of what they had read in the newspapers. In a Federal trial, the judge can select the jury without the lawyers doing any questioning. So Hoffman picked the ones he figured would bring in a guilty verdict, and now he sit by amused while the defendants attempt to reverse the inevitable.

The government has entrusted the prosecution to Mssrs. Foran and Schultz. Foran wears his pants in a cuff and might have been good-looking about 10 Chester Morris years ago. He is tough and professional, a skilled killer brought in for the Big Hit.

Foran is the type who thinks he can win votes by charming the women in the jury box. He isn't getting through, however; the ten women on this jury at least, seem to yield primarily to their great desire to sleep throughout the trial.

Schultz is something else. He not only wants to put the defendants in jail, he wants to clean their fingernails. He is unpleasingly plump, walks on a slant and constantly lectures the defense lawyers on how they should be presenting their case. He could be turning off some of the jurors who might think he is being a bit too know-it-all.

Our people will be getting a shot at freedom in a month. They will try to prove what all the newsmen who were here during the Convention know: it was the police who started the riot and we who bled.

The brothers are in good shape and mood. I had a chance to grab a few words with Bobby Seale, whose eyes still flash anger at the unfolding farce. Bobby is under heavy guard and whenever the lights go out for some courtroom motion picture films, the marshalls double their guard [Seale could get bored with the flick and start demanding his money back].

Jerry Rubin is finally out of the Cook County jail and wearing a wig. He received tons of hair from all over the country to replace what the Santa Rita sheriffs stole from him.

It's starting to get very close to the wire for us. Some of the best of our generation are in jail, or on their way. The pigs are not trying to repress us tolerantly—they want to rip flesh and burn our balls. We may still get some hung juries and win a few appeals, but the signs of the future are spelled out in Judge Hoffman's pinched, ugly face.

It's going to be an ugly era. The only beauty we will know will come from our own courage.

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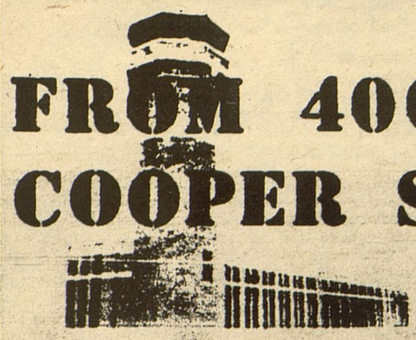

TURDMAN of jackson state

"Instill in me, oh Holy Spirit, an unquenchable desire to succeed in a way that will count for all eternity."
–David Valler, The Detroit News

By KEN KELLEY

The government of the United States has a Panther by the tail. Specifically, the White Panther Party–its Minister of Defense, Chairman, and Detroit Defense Captain. Pun Plamondon, John Sinclair, and Jack Forrest have been charged with conspiracy to blow up federal property–the CIA office in Ann Arbor–last September. Pun was also charged with the actual bombing and has gone underground where he will remain and carry on business on another revolutionary level.

All because David Valler, former fringe lunatic in the Detroit hip community, self-styled "hippie" candidate for President, has decided it is more important for him to get out on early parole by lying to the police than it is for John Sinclair to receive appeal bond, or for Pun to carry on his community work.

Valler is serving a 7-10 term for possession of 11 pounds of marijuana. He was serving it in Jackson State Prison. That is, until Harry Silverman, book editor fo the Detroit News, arranged for him to reveal his "true confessions" on how being an LSD capsule ruined his life. "LSD offered an immediate, palpable challenge, complete with possible dangers that I could try to meet. Norse mythology tells of Odin, who gave one eye for knowledge, and I concluded that the least I could give was a few chromosomes," he reveals in the latest installment, under the prosaic addiction of Silverman's typewriter, strewn with reference to the "hippie" world and the "inefficiency of commune life."

After the first installment was published, Valler was moved to the prison farm at Ionia, in what he hopes is the first phase of his promotion to eventual freedom. But the pigs made it clear that just writing for the Detroit News wasn't gonna get him early parole.

As part of his crazed pattern of existence, Valler, while mouthing about peace and love and flower, was dynamiting police cars and draft boards, and bragging to everyone in the streets about it. Right after he was busted for dope, 10 people in Detroit were rounded up for also blowing up federal property. The police persuaded 6 of them to turn informer [most were real young kids], but then dropped the case when it became evident that co-conspiratorial evidence wasn't sufficient. Besides, one of the star informers tried to mingle with the people this summer at community events, such as the free concerts, and got the shit kicked out of him wherever he went. He decided that he'd even risk perjury rather than be scorned for the rest of his life. So the police dropped all charges against the 10. Valler however was unaware of this, and as part of their technique of persuasion, the police told him that if he didn't fess up to SOMETHING, he was gonna be put away for 25 years on the bombing charges. He racked his acid addled brain and came up with just what the pigs wanted him to, a fantastic tale of conspiracy by 3 of the most dangerous criminals in the United States, including the "King of the Hippies" himself, John Sinclair. So he spilled all his imaginary guts. He is charged with being a co-conspirator, but, interestingly, not a co-defendant.

Sinclair recalled one of his few meetings with Valler. "We were at a rock concert at the Unitarian Church in Detroit, when this Valler–whom everybody considered a dangerous fool and stayed away from as much as possible–approached me and asked me if I wanted some dynamite. I told him he was crazy, and that I had enough charges against me to even listen to that kind of nonsense, and walked out of the room."

When John was brought down for his arraignment before Judge Talbot Smith in Detroit two weeks ago, Sinclair was asked by the straight press about the charges. "I think it's great," he laughed. "I wish they'd charge me with starting the Cold War." And, "I never even knew there WAS a CIA office in Ann Arbor."

But in a serious vein, he issued a statement from his Marquette jail cell on the frameup. He ran down the harassment on all levels of the White Panther Party, which bears a striking similarity, in scope if not in intensity, to that of the Black Panther Party, and that this latest ruse is intended to deny him any chance of appeal bond. "Just as my application for appeal bond was to go into Federal District Court in Detroit, the U.S. Attorneys moved to bring even more ridiculous charges against me, for allegedly participating in a 'conspiracy to blow up the CIA' office in Ann Arbor. As of today–October 13–they have not bothered to inform me of the charges directly–I read about the indictment in the Detroit newspapers, and no one in the Federal Court zoo will tell me, my family, or my attorneys when I am to be dragged the 500 miles south from Marquette to Detroit for the arraignment on this meatball charge."

As it turned out, his family and lawyers were not informed until about 3 hours before the arraignment, and then

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only through the courtesy of the Detroit Free Press reporter covering the trial.

Sinclair also laid it right on about Valler. "He is a punk who has already been named as the 'ringleader' of the conspiracy to blow up the CIA and other government installations, but is now receiving immunity from these charges in return for manufacturing stories involving principal figures in the White Panther Party. . .It should be stated and clearly understood that at no time was David Valler ever active in or connected with the White Panther Party or with any other bona fide revolutionary organization. He has operated as an anarchist and an irresponsible buffoon, both in selling bogus sacraments to the people when he was a dope dealer, and in testifying against the people for the pig. David Valler is an irresponsible opportunist who has obviously no feelings and no respect for the needs of the people and the people's party."

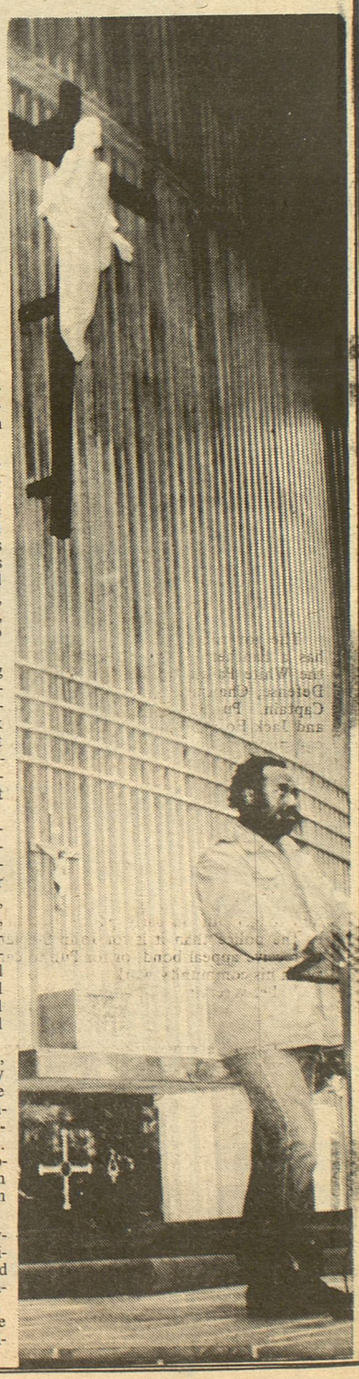
Ace Detroit attorney Shel Otis, who prepared John's original brief charging the unconstitutionality of marijuana laws, will handle the case, and expects the people can win. "When we get Valler on the stand, we can completely and effectively demolish him," says Shel. But its gonna cost a lot of bread: over $5,000 MINIMAL expenses are needed, not counting John's appeal case. Contributions should be sent immediately and generously to the John Sinclair Defense Fund, 1520 Hill Street, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104. Otis also feels that the conspiracy charge was known by the Court of Appeals and the State Supreme Court, both of whom turned down John's appeal for bond, and that the impending charge was a primary consideration in their refusal.

Meanwhile Pun commences his life underground. His brothers and sisters wish him total success and health, and although we realize now our loss without him, we salute his exemplary action and realize that many comrades will be joining him soon.

As for Valler, in his blind stupidity he doesn't realize that his liberation from jail will mean nothing, having aroused the wrath of the people. As Sinclair said in his statement, "As the pig escalates his attack on our new life culture, so will the revolutionary people escalate our activity until the pig and everything it represents will be driven squealing and oinking out of the people and into the barnyard where it belongs. We will continue to fight until all reactionary elements are destroyed and all the people are free to determine their own destinies." Right on.

Manifesto: A New Hymn for the Masses

By STEVE JUNTUNEN



Charles Thomas, local representative of the National Black Economic Development Conference, read the Black Manifesto to a large and basically indifferent congregation at the First Methodist Church in Ann Arbor, Sunday, November 2.

About twenty-five people walked out, but most of them would have walked out, had they thought about it, the first time the minsiter read the Sermon on the Mount. Another two dozen or so stayed to discuss the Manifesto with Mr. Thomas after the service, but rather than discuss the Manifesto, most of them discussed either existing programs or their fear, partially justified and partially paranoid, of Thomas and what he represented to them.

The Black Manifesto itself, after a long introduction discussing the nature of racism and the resultant economic problems, deals with basic programs for black development. No part of the statement is a plea for understanding beyond the understanding that the 5 billion dollars demanded is rightfully the blacks and that they are willing to fight for it.

The Manifesto calls for the establishment of a southern land bank, four publishing companies located in Detroit, Atlanta, Los Angeles and New York, four audio-visual networks, located in Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland and Washington, D.C., research centers for black problems, training centers for communications skills, organization of welfare recipients, National Black Labor Strike and Defense Fund and International Black Appeal be established and that a Black University be developed in the South.

In order to implement these demands, the conference urges blacks to act boldly and in unity against oppressive white churches. Sit-ins and disruptions are encouraged, and trained blacks are encouraged to help implement the program. The struggle is seen as not only the revolution in the U.S., but for the protection and liberation of Blacks in Africa from racism, capitalism and imperialism.

Thomas has read the Manifesto in several other area churches, but the experimental service at First Methodist provided one of his better backgrounds. The twenty-five people who walked out would probably have been turned off by the service, which advocated love and humility.

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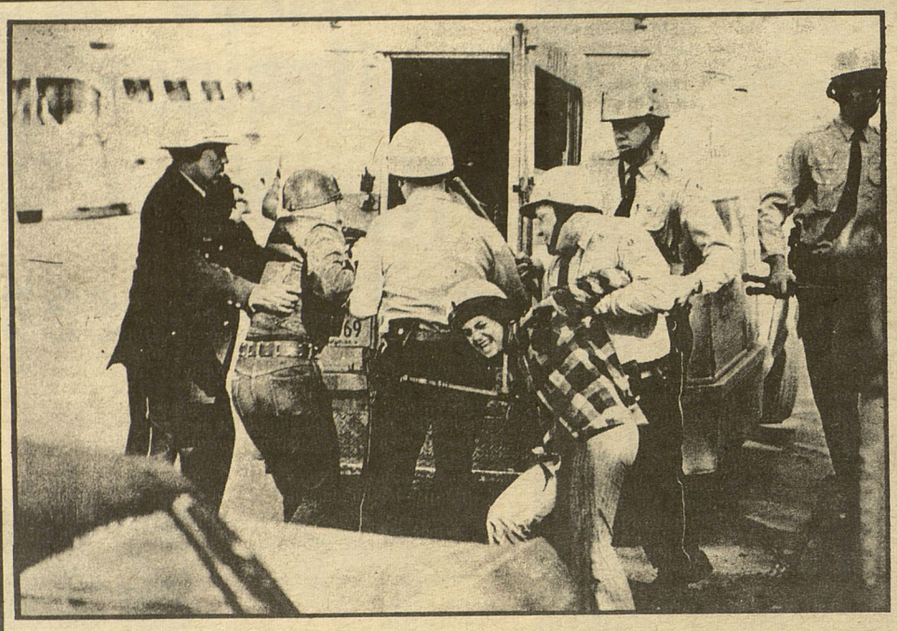
"OH, MAMA, CAN THIS REALLY BE THE M



By DAVID SCHANOES

Sweet Home Chicago. Sweet home for all. Sweet home Chicago. Sweet Home for the Law.

Since July, little else had been discussed. August and September were months of heavy discussion and argument. Should we go? Should we support the Weathermen, should we support the Action, should we organize for the action? Charges of adventeurism and countercharges of running dogmatism, neither charge really affecting the decision. Those who would go would go, those who wouldn't just wouldn't. Most SDS people did not organize for the National Action in Chicago, as they were totally confused. Were the broadsides coming from Chicago serious, were the leaflets from Motor City SDS serious? We're going to Chicago to kick ass? In Oregon, in Eugene, the sentiment was heavily against participating. I decide to go anyway, Chicago is my home town and close to Ann Arbor. If you come to Chicago, says a Black Panther, bring tanks.

Contrary to Mark Rudd's predictions in New Left Notes thousands of young people did not come to Chicago, eight hundred did, eight hundred cadre people. Eight hundred disciplined people from Weatherman collectives came to Chicago to increase the intensity of the struggle. Only five hundred and fifty left. One third of the Weatherman were arrested.

Tension had been building in Chicago since the beginning of the conspiracy trial. The main stage of activity was around the Civic Center and the Federal Building. At first the fights are minor, but quickly they build and the Chicago police prove once again who they serve and protect; Mayor Daley, the Democratic Party, Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust, and Commonwealth Edison. But near the end of September, a new dimension of struggle occurs. The Rev. Jesse Jackson testifies in front of a Federal hearing attacking the discrimination of the white construction unions. Blacks picket construction sites, demanding open admission into the union. White construction workers respond, mainly by throwing bottles off of buildings and onto the pickets. But suddenly, I am dazzled beyond my wildest dream nightmare anxiety attack. For the white workers of Chicago are organized and soon they pour into the loop marching and chanting: "If Daley can't control the city, the workers will." Except worker control consists of attacking blacks and supporters of the Conspiracy Eight and slogans like White Power, keep our union free [of what, of blacks, of course]. Marx would never have believed it, Lenin would, and PL still doesn't. Again the Chicago Police serve and protect, this time the white workers. No clubs or mace or teargas, and only a few arrests, even after the workers attack the police. Just telling all these white workers to take it easy.

Chicago is geared for attack. And on Wednesday October 8 the attack begins with a Rally in Lincoln Park. Two to three hundred Weatherman attend and hear Tom Hayden voice his support. But the key to Weatherman actions is voiced by Bernadine Dohrn. "We are not going to be good Germans in a Fascist State." Bernadine Dohrn is the most honest of any Weatherman, she does not talk about primary contradictions of dogmatism; we are not going to be good Germans; that's it on the line and forget the rest of that shit. Right on, Bernadine. She said the same thing in Berkeley at the People's Park, while most of the Motor City Weatherman criticized People's Park as building false consciousness.

Marion Delgado/Mark Rudd speaks and as he does the troops line up. The Weatherman are troops, marching to military cadence submitting to rigid leadership and collective discipline. Marion Delgado is the name Rudd has taken from a 5-year-old boy who appeared on the cover of New Left Notes. Marion's revolutionary act consisted of placing a cement slab on a railroad track and derailing a passenger train. The Weatherman break out of Lincoln Park on the run, they are strong collectively and catch the

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EANS ????"

police off guard. Fast run down to the Gold Coast. Remember, Remember, the word goes down, Good Guerrillas don't get caught. While the police deploy themselves, the Weatherman attack the richest area in the city of Chicago, plate glass shatters into the street, slivers fly up into the air; safety glass on cars crumples and cracks like ice. Bricks fly into apartment windows. The action is intense and too quick to be believed.

Suddenly the cation seems frozen although not ended; a line of police have formed. The Weatherman hesitate for a second and then charge. The police are amazed and frozen in a contradiction of fear and shock. Some draw their guns, still the Weatherman charge. They're crazy one cop yells. Guns go off. Charge—CHARGE. Remember Remember Good Guerrillas Don't Get Caught. Police move up behind the Weatherman who split into two semi-distinct groups. WE SERVE AND PROTECT THEY'RE CRAZY THIS MOTHERFUCKER WAS GOING TO HIT ME WITH THIS PIPE. Police chase individuals into alleys and arrest them, the Weatherman are turned back and head for the safety of Evanston. Sixty guerrillas get caught—one out of four.

The next day Chicago is terrorized, Daley calls for the National Guard to protect the city; 2600 come and wait. People in the Loop scurry along the streets, traffic cops smack their fists as long hairs walk by. It is Thursday and the Women's Militia is turned back by the Chicago police; twelve more guerrillas are arrested. The women wrestle the police to the ground. The police are stunned but they are not laughing. It is no longer funny to wrestle with women. The majority of the city is dizzy unable to make any sense from last night. RYM II, The Panthers, and the Young Lords criticize and disavow Weatherman actions and become characterized as less militant and nonviolent. The Young Lords make the most coherent criticism of the action: "Who ever heard of breaking windows and not taking anything."

But the Weatherman are confused, they are increasingly aware of their lack of support throughout the city and also of their limited numbers. Also there is no provision for bail, and the Weathermen do not want to spend time in jail. Actions are scheduled, rescheduled, cancelled, changed, and Thursday is RYM II's day in front of International Harvester.

I imagine that Mayor Daley even had God intervene, for Friday is grey and stormy and cold and the Weathermen cancel the Jailbreak and the Wargasm and stay in Evanston. I decide to go talk to some of the Weathermen and head down to the seminary where the Weathermen stay. I have talked to the Weatherman before and know the chief theorist quite well [we hate each other]. I know the Motor City Nine Women and indulged in a Karate match with one of them at the Blues Festival. [She won.] At the door to the seminary I am stopped by one of the Motor City Nine, in a black leather motorcycle jacket and wire rim glasses who hugs me and welcomes me back. Look, I said, I gave a lot of strong differences with Weatherman. That throws her off for a second.

"We met last night," she said, "and talked about how eeeeven [all Weathermen emphasize a long E, all of them] though we were so small, it was important that we do well. We have to do exemplary actions."

I look around, most of the people are young white middle class long hairs. Security guards carry wooden stakes and guard all doors. Small huddles of two and three with phrases half snatched by my ear, phrases like. . .deal with it, relate to it,. . .primarily, what that meeeeans is . . .The phone rings constantly, people getting their ASSIGNMENTS.

"What happened to all the bikers and the grease kids that were coming from the Motor City," I ask.

She shrugs and smiles. She says the summer was disappointing as far as organizing went.

Before I enter the seminary I am frisked more thoroughly than I have ever been. My searcher admires my boots and combat jacket. "I got to get some of those," he says and lets me in.

Inside I start talking to the head of security. He asks me about Oregon and I tell him how all the workers are being thrown out of mills because of the cutback in construction and Weyerhauser Lumber [the world's largest lumber company] finds it cheaper to ship the wood to Japan to be milled and then ship it back. "That's where to organize," I said.

"Yeah, well, are there lots of good people there?"

"Yes."

"Are they moving to a Weatherman analysis?"

"No." That stuns him. "We don't find Weatherman analysis particularly relevant to our work. We have to organize workers and students."

He's very upset and several others Weatherman pick up the argument. WHAT ABOUT WHITE SKIN PRIVILEGE?

There aren't any black workers in Eugene, Oregon, but still we organize against racism.

"But white workers. . ."

"Can be organized like students, around their needs, against imperialism."

"But they're bourgeois."

"Shit."

One Weatherman walks up to me, his muscles tense against each other, his jaw set. At one time I would be frightened, but I've schized out totally since leaving Ann Arbor, I don't feel any fear.

"Quit being so intellectual about it," he says.

"Fuck you," disgusted half grin, fuck you.

He moves forward, I just look at him. Other Weathermen come up.

"I'm saying that people have to be organized, to struggle and that means more than exemplary actions. It means education, explanation.

"Yeah, well, that's wrong because black people could make the revolution all by themselves, you know, by starting guerrilla warfare in the cities. We don't need to organize around anything else but the need for communism."

"People don't make guerrilla warfare just for the hell of it. Black people aren't going to make a revolution tomorrow and neither are you. "It's going to take some time and organizing." By that time I realize I'm a reactionary in their eyes, but still I want to know some more about Weatherman analysis. Still they glare at me but talk about People's Park and false consciousness which I argue against, because People's Park created nothing; rather, people created the park and defended it and stayed together and fought back a Weatherman is not the first to fight police—San Francisco State strikers nailed quite a few, but only after attacked. In Berkeley the people have fought back several times.

"This time though," one Weatherman says, "we attacked first and the people dug it, the press dug it."

The Press?

"Sure didn't you read how they published all the names of the policemen hurt, but only talked about how few Weathermen were hurt."

Incredible. I thought that means the press is sympathetic to the police. Incredible.

Still they talk of exemplary actions and how young kids dig them.

But the fact of the matter is that no one participated in any of the actions except cadre Weatherman. No spontaneous support came from young whites in high schools, no masses of street people fought with them. This summer should have proved the fallacy of Weatherman organizing—that militant aggressive confrontation is enough to bring numbers of new people into the movement.

The crucial tenet of the Weatherman philosophy is a myth—a total myth.

The Motor City Nine did not organize new people by their action at Macomb Community College, nor did the threatened jailbreak in Chicago receive support from the high school students themselves. As a matter of record police occupied the high schools on Friday and three hundred students did walk out of their schools, but the students didn't accompany Weatherman on the famous

Loop march.

I leave the seminary amazed. But the Weathermen it seems believe the necessity of their position. Remember the word in Lincoln Park? Good Guerrillas don't get caught, Good Guerrillas don't get caught—well, that's from Che Guevara, but Che goes on to explain, in fact, why good guerrillas don't get caught. Guerrillas do not survive because of their superior physical condition. Good Guerrillas do not get caught simply because the People—THE PEOPLE, THE PEOPLE—will not let them get caught. I think Che said that a Guerrilla without the support of the people is like a fish out of water, and like the fish will die.

SATURDAY, OCT. 11, the fish out of water.

Saturday is clear and bright, cold yellow sun that warms the concrete. Evanston and Chicago police are all over the Howard L station. This is the day—Haymarket to Grant Park. I get the L station. An Evanston cop stops his car and comes after me; for a second I consider fleeing into the crowd of pedestrians, but just for a second. I lean against the wall and wait for him. ID, frisking, questions, people hurry by—no one is even curious about arrests anymore.

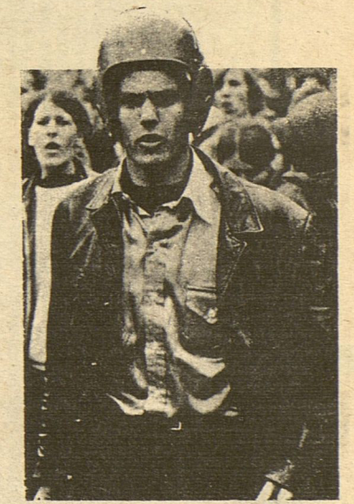
About a hundred and fifty people have already been arrested since Oct. 8, from demonstrations and police raids.

You're not going to the Loop today, he says, and he means it.

"No, sir," I say.

Four hundred Weathermen assemble in Haymarket Square. The stone police statue had been blown up a week before and the Weathermen occupy the square dressed for action—boots, helmets, gloves. Weather Bureau people are there: Rudd, Jones, Evans, Ayers, and Ann Arbor's Mellon, who is the Hegel of SDS. Once again Good Guerrillas do not get caught, that's the word, once again the Weathermen are collectively strong and run right over the police, at first. Windows break, police fall, shoppers scream. Police regroup and chase Weathermen. No Weatherman submits to arrest—some break away and run through the streets for cover. Motor City SDS is the most militarily together of all Weatherman battalions and lose very few, but others are decimated. The action swirls through the Loop like a storm off of Lake Michigan. People lay unconscious in the middle of Loop streets people in restaurants crouch behind their tables. Any moment I expect air-raid sirens to go off and flames to erupt from all sides of the streets. Task force police form human lines and sweep people out of the street and into wagons. By three or four in the afternoon one hundred and fifty Weathermen are arrested.

No one comes to the aid of Weathermen except other Weathermen. But Chicago is shaken, to its core. The Weathermen are out of water and easy prey for police, and as sharp as they struggle they will always fail, for they act before they organize. Weathermen do not even conceive of themselves as a vanguard, rather



PHOTOS/David Fenton/LNS

they are the only Revolutionaries: anyone who does not support their actions is objectively not a revolutionary and need not be counted. They act totally off internal discussion and discipline. The fundamental political problems are not encountered outside the "collective" in organizing, but rather inside the collective in intrapersonal "development" as they call it. This development has some strange ramifications. When I returned from Chicago I talked to one Weatherman who told me that the Collective was considering having women prostitute for money for the collective. I was stunned. What was all the talk about Women's Liberation and male chauvinism—what about plain human dignity? He countered that by returning to revolutionary necessity. Disgusted I yelled—"How come the Collective didn't think about having the men suck off queers for money instead." "We just never though of that," he said. . .In fact this one incident seems to point up something very important. Weatherman instead of destroying bourgeois consciousness have merely raised it to ideological levels, where it can be defended by returning to revolutionary necessity. This type of isolation from the heads of people is disastrous. Fish out of water can't swim. Good Guerrillas don't get caught and Good Guerrillas reach out to people not away.

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Rennie Davis

Editor's Note: Rennie Davis, one of the Conspiracy 8 presently under indictment in Chicago, spoke in Ann Arbor at a benefit for the Conspiracy. Rennie, former chairman of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War In Viet Nam, and now on the steering committee of the New Mobilization spoke about the Conspiracy Trial at the Lawyer's Club and the Union Ballroom on November Sixth. Later that evening the Argus and Rennie talked for several hours about the trial, the war, Bobby Seale and the march on Washington. Part of the following interview was recorded at station WOIA, the rest was recorded in a historically perfect working class Ford station wagon as we drove through the streets of Washtenaw County, itself historically perfect.

Altho the interview was taped before Washington, and there are several references to Washington, we thought it best that the entire interview be printed in its original form.

Argus: Has there been any community organizing in Chicago itself about the trial, any grass roots support and action in the communities?

Davis: It's beginning. The Panthers have used the trial quite effectively, especially in the high schools, and on the West Side. Rising Up Angry, which is a group of white greasers basing themselves around a newspaper, are going to make the Conspiracy trial their central organizing priority, and they're going to bring the greasers down to a rally and into the courtroom, using the trial to educate their own people as to the nature of the courts. Also, they plan to explain how to relate to the court, and better defend themselves from these types of attacks from police. . .

Argus: With guns.

Davis: The liberal community, I think, has been brought into the movement in a new way around the civil liberties issue—ministers and university people, lawyers, and especially law students have been activated in new ways, to relate to the trial and political repression more generally.

Argus: What did you think of the Motor City SDS letter

Party"; they wouldn't sign it that way. Secondly, the Party is a disciplined organization and that is not their policy with their National Chairman on trial, to threaten jurors. And we believe that the letter was actually sent by the FBI to get this juror off. So, the juror was brought in, Christy King is her name, and she was given the letter by the judge, and the judge says, "Have you ever seen this letter?". And she says, "No." And the whole courtroom was aghast. Apparently the FBI hadn't even done the most routine work to establish if she had ever seen it. Well, then the judge says, "Having seen the letter, would this in any way make it difficult for you to serve on the jury?" She says, "It might," so—Bip! She's off and that's the last we've seen of her.

Argus: What's the story on Kunstler (Bill Kunstler, attorney for the Conspiracy's seven white defendants) going to Paris?

Davis: We got a cable today from Hanoi, it was so beautiful. . .

Argus: Today? (Nov. 6).

Davis: Today in the courtroom, it came right to the Federal Building, from the Vietnamese Committee for Solidarity with the American People. They are absolutely outraged at the treatment of Bobby Seale; they support the Black Panther Party; they support the defendants, stopping the trial—all the people of Vietnam send their solidarity to the people of the Conspiracy 8. It's really great.

We got a letter from the Vietnamese Representatives in Paris, to send Dave and myself or both to Paris immediately. To talk about matters relating to American war prisoners. So we went into this fool judge and said we wanted to go there over the weekend. The trial wouldn't be delayed and we would be back in court on Monday morning.

Argus: You have to ask permission?

Davis: Yeah, because you have to go out of the country, And so the judge said a lot of remarks, that these defendants have already displayed the flag of an enemy country, and just how unpatriotic we are. We brought the Viet Cong flag in on Moratorium Day to remember the Vietnamese dead as well as the U.S. dead. That was a big scene with the marshalls trying to rip up the fucking flag. So he goes into this heavy rap about North Vietnamese being the enemy, so we go upstairs to appellate court, who refuses. At that point we sent Kunstler to represent us. And he went to Paris and they want us to setup an office here in the U.S. concerning the condition and status of all American prisoners of war in Vietnam, including the release of all names and other information that up to now hasn't been known. And all of it would be funnelled through our office and we would contact the families of prisoners. They also released or announced that they were releasing three more prisoners in the south.

Argus: How is the defense going to work during the trial?

Davis: The opening argument is that this is the second American Revolution and that the first amendment was founded on the belief that people had the right to work for revolution. That the first demonstrations in Boston Common trampeled the grass and fucked up the yard and did everything we did in Lincoln Park, and that the supporters of the American Revolution in 1776 used to send letters to Patrick Henry telling him to cool it—that his language was too heated, that he was alienating supporters. They're doing this whole contrast between the revolutionary period in the 1700's and this period.

Argus: Tell us about that incident you had with the press a while ago.

Davis: Yeah, well, at this one press conference I got so pissed off at one reporter that I punched him out. He kept advocating things like gas ovens and detention camps. I told him that this was my answer, and nailed him!

Nazi Germany. There was one incident we know of in the early sixties where a man allegedly jumped into the jury box and beat up jurors and threw a chair across the court at the prosecuting attorney. AS far as we know, that was the only case of a man being chained and gagged. Even assuming that the facts of that case are true, Seale was hardly in that position. He never disrupted the courtroom when witnesses were testifying about the other defendants, he would only stand and speak when the witness would testify about him. And even then he would never physically disrupt the courtroom. There was no precedent for the gagging and chaining and there was certainly no precedent for what happened yesterday, when Bobby Seale was brought into the courtroom, and he attempted to defend himself when a witness testified to a trip Bobby made to Chicago around the time of the convention.

And so the judge threw the jury out of the courtroom, suspended the court for the day and called us back into the court in the afternoon, and then read from the pages of the court record sixteen times when Bobby Seale had attempted to defend himself. Times when Bobby had said that the court was a racist court, that the court had no right to deny him the right to defend himself—basically, the court read all the times when Bobby Seale had attempted to defend himself.

After the reading, it was so compelling that I don't think anyone in the room, even those unsympathetic to Bobby Seale, didn't agree that Bobby was wholey within his rights to defend himself. But for these sixteen counts he was sentenced to three months each, a total of four years. And lawyers are checking back through cases, but as far as we know there is no case where a man has been sentenced to this long a sentence for contempt in the legal history of the U.S.

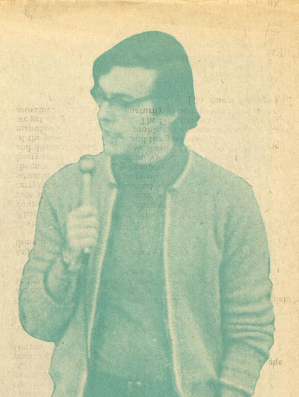
Argus: Is there anything being done like in liberal circles—people with government influence, supposedly. What is being done to free Bobby?

Davis: Well, there are two fronts in the fight to free Bobby. There's the legal front and the political front. On the legal front, the lawyers are appealing the action and feel that it is so outrageous for Hoffman to have done what he did that the Supreme Court will reverse it, and the Garry firm is moving as fast as possible on that. On the political front, we take the position that we have to get international support to free Bobby Seale and to stop the trial. We think that Bobby Seale, unlike the seven white defendants, who regard themselves as political prisoners, Bobby Seale should be regarded as a prisoner of war. The black colony is at war with the racist government, and the Black Panther Party, organized along lines of self-defense, is clearly the target of the government, they suspend even the ordinary bourgeois civil liberties when it comes to the Black Panther Party. There are no civil liberties for the Black Panthers, they are murdered, shot in the streets, their offices are raided, busted up, their homes are ravaged by police. Informers infiltrate their ranks, and they are treated by the government as prisoners of war when they are captured. They are tortured in prisons, they are denied elementary constitutional rights. And I think that white America has to realize that we have prisoners of war here, just like there are American prisoners of war in Vietnam. That is why we take quite seriously the proposal that there be a prisoner exchange between American P.O.W's in Vietnam and prisoners of war in this country—Newton, Seale, Wells, etc.

We are now seeking such an exchange with the Vietnamese and we are hopeful that the gov. of the United States will be forced to release Bobby and release Huey and return them to the Black Community.

Argus: Now the contacts that you have made with North Vietnam about the prisoners and the prisoners that were recently released by the peace groups, are these preliminary steps to exchanges such as those you were talking about?

Davis: Well, the matter of exchange is an extremely delicate matter, even separate from other matters about prisoner ex-



Argus: This New Haven thing that Bobby has been charged with—have you talked to him about that and what is his reaction to it?

Davis: This is probably the most blatant frame up that I have ever heard about in history. Bobby flew into Chicago for the convention and made two speeches and for those two speeches he faces ten years for conspiracy, but when Bobby flew last spring to Yale, for that one speech he faces the electric chair. He happened to be in New Haven, there are paid government agents who are prepared to testify that they heard Bobby Seale give the order to execute another man. And it's going to be the testimony of those informers that Bobby Seale has committed the most ruthless, cold-blooded crime on the books—the calculated ordering of an execution. I think that again the only way to approach this type of political trial is to understand the nature of the Black Panther Party, understand that Bobby Seale is a prisoner of war, and that we have to relate to him as a prisoner of war, and build the kind of support around the country that makes this kind of incredible frame up extremely difficult to carry out.

Argus: Will you be allowed to leave Chicago to participate in the activities on the Nov. 15th, and what future activities do you have planned?

Davis: I don't know whether we'll be permitted to be in those actions or not. The judge threatens regularly to revoke our bail and lock us up. He orders us not to vilify the court in our speeches as we go running around the country. He complains about having to sit in his bed in his luxurious Drake Hotel and watch defendants on the television while he's trying to relax, denounce him. He said "These defendants have even criticized the President of the United States". The man is marvelous in his criticism. He actually told TomHayden that he couldn't go to California to inquire about the availability of Charles Garry coming early to the trial, if he didn't promise not to vilify the court in public speech.

Argus: Charles Garry is not at the trial for health reasons, is that right?

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lally law students have been activated in new ways, to relate to the trial and political repression more generally.

Argus: What did you think of the Motor City SDS interruption of Fleming's speech when you spoke here last September?

Davis: Oh, I thought that what they did was all right. I just thought that there should have been better communication—because what happened with the local black people seemed to me could have been worked out if there had been communication. My understanding was that Motor City SDS was coming in with Vietnamese flags and with just their own presence into the room, and other people misunderstood, and I thought that they were coming to disrupt the Anti-War Rally, and that that was incorrect even if you disagreed with certain speakers. It was just that breakdown in communication that resulted in what happened.

Argus: As far as we know they planned just to take the mike away from Fleming and the mob, which paid the Mobe and the Black Berets in the curious position of defending Robben Fleming against SDS.

Davis: Well, I can understand a decision not to let an anti-war meeting be disrupted, as a whole, but the question really was whether they were coming in to just strike out Fleming a bit or whether they wanted to bring the whole meeting to a halt. My understanding was that the Mobe people had some prior information—other people have said that that information—I still don't know the whole story, the facts, but just watching them go around the room it didn't seem that serious.

It's okay if the pigs want to come out against the fuckin war. You know Fleming is an old friend of my father's, he used to come over to our house even.

Argus: Did he congratulate you after your speech?

Davis: Yeah: he came up and shook my hand, and mentioned that he was worried about some of the violent tendencies of the movement, but he said he goals were OK. [laughter]

It was kind of embarassing—like I said he's an old and very good friend of my father's, as a matter of fact he used to come over to our house. The last time I remember seeing him was when I was a young kid, and he. . .after he left our house he got into some tremendous auto accident.

Argus: Who are some of the main defense witnesses that will be called at the trial, when the defense starts.

Davis: Well, Seale will definitley be called as a witness, and Huey Newton and John Sinclair, along with Mayor Daley, Lyndon Johnson, General Abrahms. . .

Argus: Will they answer the subpoena?

Davis: Well, we have some people who are going to be there for the purpose of saying that they are the real criminals, and that they should be on the stand to justify their actions, but there are certain individuals, like Daley and Johnson, where in fact there is a compelling legal basis for having them testify, since they were directly involved in the permit refusal. We can demonstrate that with prior witnesses. So I would say that they will come in and try to squash the subpoenas, and the judge will probably uphold their actions. But it strengthens the record and makes the trial more ludicrous when you lead right up and show that Daley made the decision. Then Daley doesn't come on the stand to testify.

Argus: What happened when they replaced one of the jurors the other week?

Davis: The youngest juror who sat next to another woman juror during the selection process. Well, they were friendly and this one woman kept smiling and flashing us the Vee sign. Anyway, she wasn't chosen but her friend was. Somehow she made it through the government net into the jury box. She clearly was—well, she paid attention, and listened, and seemed impartial and even sympathetic, and that was clear to the government as well as us. So several days after the trial proceedings began, this juror gets a note that says, "We are watching you. Signed, the Black Panthers."

Well, the Panthers always sign, "The Black Panther

things like gas ovens and detention camps. I told him that this was my answer, and nailed him.

Argus: He may show up at the trial.

Davis: I never know who they're going to come up with next. Much of the testimony has been from newsmen who are paid by the FBI; it's really been interesting how many there have been. One reporter, as a matter of fact, a TV guy in San Diego, came in and testified that he was interviewing a speech of Dellinger's and it came out that he was also receiving money on the side from the FBI, and when he went back to his station, his studio fired him.

And there was this photographer in New York, he was really fucked. Holy God, his wife didn't even know he was a pig.

Argus: Salzburg?

Davis: Yeah, Lou, Lou Salzburg, he was tight with the Crazies in New York—he took the pig head into the dinner for Senator Fulbright.

Argus: HE'S the one?

Davis: Yeah, he carried the damn pig's head in. He was in a demonstration to disrupt the Humphrey dinner in March. He's full of stuff. And there's another guy—Frappoli, who was about to be brought into the SDS Weatherman Collective, just before he surfaced on the stand. Like, he was tight there in tight with the Weatherman—The National Collective—they were working with him all the time and they were about to bring him into the collective.

Argus: What's his first name?

Davis: Bill, I think. They were fools to surface him, I think, cause he had me fooled.

Argus: Could you just run down what's been happening the last ocuple of weeks in regard to Bobby Seale.

Davis: Well, actually it started on Oct. 29, when Seale once again stood to ask to defend himself in the courtroom. His lawyer, Charles Garry had been barred from the courtroom, since the judge had refused to grant a relatively routine motion for continuance. Seale then asked to defend himself, and the judge kept insisting that he couldn't defend himself. As Seale kept on, basically not disrupting the trial, but rather everythime a witness would appear that would testify about his activities or his connection with the demonstrations during the Convention, he would stand and ask for the right to cross-examine and defend himself on his constitutional rights. Well, on Oct. 29, it was sort of the last straw for this senile, racist judge.

He started out calling him Judge Magoo and now we call him Judge Adolph Hitler Hoffman, he took the unprecedented step against a man who had in no way physically disrupted the ocurtroom, to order that he be chained to his chair, leg irons placed on his ankles, handcuffs placed on his arms, and adhesive tape and pressure bandages placed on his mouth. Even under that situation, Seale continued to speak through the tape...they had to take him back into the lock-up, according to the judge, to do a better job. The marshals worked him over and tried to put gauze in his mouth. That didn't work so they put a pressure bandage around his whole head so that he couldn't even move his jaw, and still through the cloth and the gauze and the tape managed to yell out, "I'm a black man and I have a right to defend myself even in this Racist court." And that sort of concluded the first day of Bobby Seale chained and gagged for asserting his constitutional rights. Then on the thirtieth, they tried to force gauze into his mouth; they bloodied his mouth, they almost choked him to death, he was very close to passing out. The first time they brought him into the courtroom on the thirtieth, the pressure around his face was so great that he couldn't breathe, and we thought he had actually passed out in the courtroom. Bill Kunstler stood up and screamed that this medieval torture chamber must be stopped. The judge agreed that Seale should be taken back into the lockup and the pressure from the bandages relieved. Seale came back into the courtroom and still managed to be heard around his constitutional right to defend himself.

Argus: Did Magoo quote any legal precedent?

Davis: Well we don't even know of a precedent like this in

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steps to exchanges such as those you've been describing?

Davis: Well, the matter of exchange is in extremely delicate matter, even separate from other matters about prisoner exchanges. I've been involved in a total of twelve releases, and have made one trip to North Vietnam to bring back three prisoners personally. Just recently our attorney Bill Kunstler represented myself and Dave Dellinger in Paris with the Vietnamese regarding other matters dealing with American prisoners of war not all of which can be discussed at this time. An important new development is that the Vietnamese are now going to release the names of all the prisoners plus their medical condition to us, and we will in turn release this information to the press. I think that's good, we don't want to let the families in this country know that the Vietnamese do have a humanitarian procedure of treating captured soldiers, despite the fallacious claims of the Johnson, the State Department and the Pentagon. I think these wives should have their anxieties relieved. Information from the Movement is good, it helps relieve stress. At the same time it is clear that this service is procided by people who understand that the government of this country has committed and is committing acts of war crimes against the people of Vietnam. Prisoners of War in Vietnam, the prisoner problem in the North is only going to be resolved when all the American troops are brought home. I think that's useful to explain this, and this role that we have helps people understand the prisoner problem.

Argus: Do you get any sort of response from the government when these contacts are made. Is it favorable or unfavorable?

Davis: The government hates these trips. Imagine people under thirty who want to destroy the policy of imperialism that produced Vietnam being the only people who are represented in the American people on the matter of prisoner exchange and other matters that involve families in this country. It means essentially that the American government can't blame Americans for the Vietnamese and the anti-war movement can. When the government says we're at war with the people of Vietnam, then I think the young people have to take it upon themselves to explain their own relations with the people of Vietnam, because we are not at war with the people of Vietnam, or the people of Cuba or the other people of the world that this government assees as such a threat. That's why I think that politically this relationship is very healthy and it helps to communicate that we are not at war with the people of Vietnam, the North Vietnamese or the South Vietnamese, we regard them as brothers and sisters.

Argus: What do you think is going to be the outcome of your trial, and your future actions regarding that outcome?

Davis: Well the government's objective in this trial is to find us guilty, get sentences of ten years for each of us, deny appeal bond, and then stack the Supreme Court to uphold the unconstitutionality of it. While Bobby Seale is framed and railroaded to the electric chair in Connecticut. That's the objective. That objective can only be opposed if, when the young people and black people make the cost of maintaining the war and maintaining the trial so expensive to the people of this country that they have to give it up. A whole generation of law students turns against the legal establishment; on every campus across the country people join up with the conspiracy, and Mitchell finds that rather than sort of unleashing a river of fear that sweeps everyone back into the Nixon delight of the silent fifties, just the opposite takes place. That repression is a two-edged sword, cutting both ways, we pick up the sword and begin to cut the other way. That a whole generation stands up to this type of repression. I don't mean rhetorically. That's beginning to happen. Everywhere I go, I find enormous support for the trial, and the demand to stop the trial, widespread and growing understanding of the politics of the trial, why it has to be stopped and why you can't talk about a fair trial the way people have a tendency to do; that it has to be stopped. A growing international support, many countries organizing demonstrations to stop the trial, a growing demand to take issue in front of the United Nations, a large seale national support to stop the trial. Which is the only way we see of getting out of what Nixon wants, especially for Seale and especially around the issue of appeal bond.

Argus: Charles Garry is not at the trial for health reasons, is that right?

Davis: Charles Garry underwent a gall bladder operation just before this trial opened. And it was on that basis that we asked for a continuance so that Mr. Garry could have an operation and recuperate and then come to the trial and the judge said no. Assuming that the judge doesn't revoke bail and we have the situation we have now Dave Dellinger will be a main speaker in Washington and I will be a speaker in San Francisco, and most of the Conspiracy will be in Washington. We don't know what the plans will be beyond November at this point, they really haven't been discussed as yet. I'm going to Washington this weekend to meet with the Moratorium Committee to discuss any own proposal which is that the sentiment among American GIs against the war is at an all time high. I think that most people are not aware of the enormous opposition to the war among active duty GIs and that we have to dramatize their support to end the war. Last night when I flew to Washington, a guy in the Air Force in the back of the plane stood up and motioned for me to come back. He said "Aren't you Rennie Davis?" and I said "Yes" and he said "Won't you please sit down, you're my hero." And he goes on and on and tells me about all the anti-war work he's been organizing in the Air Force. So we're tapping for awhile, and this other guy, sort of out of it, in a conservative suit with real short hair comes up and he says "I'll bet you don't believe when I just came from. . ." and it turns out that just that day he had gotten out of the stockade in Kansas City for refusing a direct order to go to Vietnam, and he was on his way to Virginia to talk to the Moratorium people there to see what he could do to end the war. And this is just an accident, I just think, as I meet GIs around the country, there are thousands of people in the stockades today because they oppose the war. And in the barracks from stateside to Nam the opposition among GIs is tremendous. One of the things that helped to demobilize the troops at the end of World War II was these massive demonstrations in the GIs in the Pacific. And we think that ways have to be found to make it clear to the country and the press and the President that GIs are with the peace movement and want it to work. My own idea is to have a National GI week in December where we ask for armories for rock groups and performances put on by movement GIs. Where ministers go to coffee chapels and ask to put on special services around the war in Vietnam where delegations go to every base in the country to demonstrate their support for GIs rights and the right to come home. Where young people invade USO's in every major city, and show the USO the alternative to the Richard Nixon-Guy Lombardo culture that USO believes in. Just lay it out for the GIs where they're at. I think that they're could be an enormous demonstration of support for the GI's and in return they should show their support for us. I think we're at that point right now in history. That's my personal view about December.

Argus: Are you going to have meetings with the Justice Department?

Davis: We are in constant negotiation with the Justice Department. We hope to arrange a meeting with Mitchell over the weekend, and make arrangements to demonstrate on Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House on November 15.

Argus: There is always a chance of violence. What do you think is going to happen?

Davis: Well I think it depends solely on the government. What is so incredible to me is that the press and even some young people actually allow themselves to engage in the debate about will we start violence, when this government is carrying out across international boundaries B-52 raids and saturation raids at an intensity of four times the intensity of the most severe saturation bombing raids at the end of WW II. Every single day this occurs in Vietnam while we sit idly by and discuss whether or not we should go to Washington because of the problem of violence and the government continues to manufacture these security problems and threats of violence, and we get caught in the debate. The time has got to come when the movement has the sort of maturity to understand the source of

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HAYDEN

[Continued from Page 5.]

intended to drive a political and legal point, trying to maintain legal and human rights that are being violated by this court. If this court wants peace, if this court wants order, if this court wants the proceedings to go on in a normal way, then this court must recognize human and legal rights. The judge in this case has the key to peace. All he has to do is unlock, unshackle, ungag Bobby Seale and allow him to represent himself or have Charles Garry do it. That is what this is all about and should not be obscured.

The government attack on Bobby Seale on myself and on other people in the courtroom follows the same line that their attack followed last year around the Convention. There was a vivid demonstration of the way the government deals with facts, deals with evidence, yesterday when Mr. Schultz summarized in his own selective way what Bobby Seale had said in the morning. Bobby Seale came into the courtroom, said that he was standing on his constitutional rights, said several times that he wanted people in the audience to keep cool no matter what happened, they said they would, and then later, when Bobby was thrown back in his seat, Schulz got up, told the judge that Bobby Seale had earlier told people in the audience to be ready to make an "attack."

It was only after our insistence—we almost had to scream our insistence—that that was not the case, that Schulz, since he was before a stenographer, had to back down and acknowledge that there was something else that Bobby said. This is exactly what they say about us as they parade their live witnesses to the stand. That is exactly the tactic of fabrication and distortion they used against us last year, and they add to it the very convenient concept of "national security" which is a sign not of a dictatorship, but the sign of people who have very little else to say.

They claim they had to search our legal staff because there was some "security" problem in the courtroom—the legal staff might be bringing in bombs I suppose. Last year they said "no one was killed." They justified what they did in Chicago because of information that all Presidential candidates were going to be killed, that the mayor of Chicago was going to be killed, and that the McCarthy and Kennedy girls were going to be brought into Lincoln Park and killed so that we could use them as martyrs. They never stated the source of information, they don't have to tell us the content of their wiretapping, just as they don't have to tell us anything that's covered by this concept of "national security." Then the next phase of this process is the establishment of the police state machinery in the open, the troops coming in because of this threat to order which has come about and which can't be discussed because of security reasons. That's how they brought the police into the streets and into the Convention and into the hotels last year, the same argument, the same reasoning. That's the reasoning they use to fill up the courtroom with marshals today and yesterday and the days before. We predicted yesterday, to those of you that we talked to, that this was the Convention being played over again in the courtroom and that beyond any doubt the next phase would be what the Walker Report called the "police riot" last year. That is, escalation into acts of madness and violence in the courtroom.

Today Bobby Seale was trying to get the circulation back into his arms. He was having the straps removed, and without any particular provocation, the marshals simply started to beat him. This is a particular aspect of fascism that is usually apparent when emperors are in the last stage of their power, and when they have nothing left to say, when they are faced on all sides with objections that they cannot counter they begin literally to lose their minds. They begin to go mad. They begin to act in ways that are not even explainable from their point of view. For example, the Turner Report says the country is racist. The government, in other words, says the country is racist. But the government has no answer when people say "Then let us abolish racism." The government says they're for self-determination for the people in Vietnam. The government has given up even trying to advocate winning the war in Vietnam. They have nothing left to say to the Moratorium or to the peace movement except to criticize their sexual prowess, criticize their psychological temperament, just as Schultz has nothing left to say to our legal arguments in the courtroom but to whine and complain about the tone of Weinglass' voice, or Kunstler's style or the hidden motivation of our attorneys.

This degeneration, from Agnew to Schultz to Foran, which is epitomized by the behavior of Judge Hoffman, is part of a pattern. The judge is not a madman anymore than Spiro Agnew is a madman. These people are office holders in highest position in the land. They have not gone mad, they have been driven to a point of such frustration, of such inability to answer questions, they have been driven to such a point of decadence in the face of very simple human demands on them, that they have no alternative but to behave in the way that they are behaving.

Life Magazine was very prophetic when it said that this was not so much a trial as an act of vengeance because men go mad when they know that they have lost, and Judge Hoffman knows that he has lost, the social order that he represents is finished. The social order that President Nixon and Vice President Agnew represent is finished. Even Agnew's daughter is coming in our direction. They look in their own homes. They look around them, they know that it is over.

At the point that begins to become clear to people in power, they strike out in vengeance against individuals, against anyone. They tell people to beat people, they tell people they'll revoke bail if they don't disassociate themselves from Bobby Seale. They search bags, they knock people down in hallways, they put more people at the revolving doors. They stutter. They curse. They begin to call people things in the press. They cannot control themselves because they really have nothing else that they can do. They can put everyone of us at this table away for ten years starting this afternoon, and it will only be an act of vengeance and they know it. They know it. They know that this court system has been as discredited this year as the political system was last year. They know that this court system has been as discredited this year as the political system was last year. They know that they have no future. They know that anything they do to us will in no way stop the revolution from occurring.

And when they know that, when they are against the wall, when they are upset, then they have to strike out in an act of vengeance. That is what happened politically, that is what is happening this year in the courtroom. They know we are coming to Washington. If Dave and Rennie are bound, gagged, hung upside down, prevented from going to Washington, Washington will still happen, it will happen bigger, will be more militant. If Jerry and Abbie are beaten, have their tongues cut out, the march on the justice Department will be bigger, will be more militant. Nothing will stop what is happening regardless of what they do to us. We're seeing the disintegration before our eyes of the system of authority, and the power structure of the United States. It has lost its authority before the next generation of youth, and is now simply striking out in acts of mad vengeance.

That's what I think is going on and I think it's going to get worse. I think now, the quieter we are, the more that we are quiet, the more that we simply sit there in the room, the more outraged and frustrated and boiling they will become. The process is now simply underway. Whether we scream or whether we are silent, it will go from one step to the next until the entire trial disintegrates. That is a prediction, not a threat.

Drunk Nark Kills Father

By PAUL CABBELL

A gang of drunken, plainclothed secret police entered Richard Nixon's home town last week and quickly proved to be more dangerous than the weed itself.

Shortly after midnight on Friday, October 3, residents of the Comstock Apartments in Whittier were awakened when three narcotics officers broke down the door to 50-year-old Mrs. Florence Mehan's downstairs apartment. After a quick search, during which one of the agents reportedly warned Mrs. Mehan and her 12-year-old daughter not to move or they'd be shot dead, it was discovered that the intrepid officers had broken into the wrong residence.

Meanwhile, another group of zealous pot-chasers had crashed through the door of Apt. D, occupied by tenant Bill Corey. After awakening Corey at gunpoint and conducting a futile search for weed, the gang of seven agents rushed upstairs to break down two more doors.

According to the Whittier Police Department, a warrant had been issued for apartments B and D at 8033 Comstock Ave. The 14 unit, two-story apartment house is numbered 8031 for the bottom floor and 8033 for the top. Illuminated signs denoting the different addresses are posted in plain view in front of the apartment building.

Upon entering Apt. B upstairs [which is located directly above Mrs. Mehan's apartment] the narcotics officers held the two occupants, Edward Gates and Ronald DeVore, at gunpoint while conducting a search. According to an account given by Gates and DeVore to investigators from the attorney general's office, their apartment was entered by two state narcotics agents four deputy sheriffs from the Los Angeles County Sheriff's narcotics detail, and Detective Sgt. Frank Sweeney, who wielded a .223 caliber rifle.

Gates and DeVore claim that while they were being questioned Sweeney made a feinting motion at Gates' head with the butt of his rifle, and then another similar motion at DeVore's hand. As Sweeney was returning the rifle to his side the weapon discharged into the floor.

In the apartment below, 22 year old Heyward Henry Dyer was standing with his two year old son, Francis, in his arms. The bullet from Sweeney's rifle bore through the ceiling and struck Dyer in the head, killing him instantly. The child fell to the floor and suffered minor lacerations.

Responding to a telephone call saying that someone had been shot, Whittier Police [who had not been notified of the raid] arrived at the apartment house and took a breath test of Sweeney. The test read positive, indicating that the 15-year-veteran narcotics officer had definitely been drinking. Several of the other officers admitted to Whittier Police that they had also been drinking. One resident at the apartment house told the Free Press on Friday afternoon that "two or three of the cops looked as though they were definitely loaded on something."

According to Vernon Police Chief Robert Bockhacker, Sweeney had been asked by state narcotics officers to accompany them on the raid. When Bockhacker was asked why Sweeney's presence had been requested, however, he could not come up with an answer. He also did not seem to understand why Sweeney had been armed with a rifle.

On Monday, October 6, the Free Press spoke with a representative of the Vernon Police who said that Sweeney had not been placed on suspension and was on duty at the time, although unavailable for comment. When asked how Sweeney felt about the incident, the answer was that "he seems rather upset."

The four deputy sheriffs from the Los Angeles Sheriff's narcotics detail were also still on duty Monday.

On Tuesday, October 7, after considerable pressure from the establishment media, state attorney general Thomas Lynch announced that four state narcotics agents were being suspended from duty pending an investigation of the incident. The four being suspended are: Senior Agent William G. Miller, Agent Alan J. Marshall, Acting Field Supervisor John W. Leavey, and Agent Michael P. Kelly. Leavey and Kelly were allegedly in overall charge of the raid though not present when it occurred.

All four agents were included in the list of narcotics agents published by the Free Press two months ago. Since that time, Leavey has apparently been promoted from Senior Agent to Acting Field Supervisor.

When the Free Press published the list of agents two months ago, it argued that "secret police are a threat to democratic government. History demonstrates that the secret policeman invariably uses his anonymity to become unaccountable to the people over whom power is exercised." This case is but another example of actual daily occurences.

How, it must be asked, are people supposed to expect protection from nameless policemen who have the authority to break down doors in the middle of the night? What recourse do the people have from secret agents of the state who freely admit to having consumed liquor before going on a raid and then are investigated by their fellow agents?

Elaine Brown, deputy Minister of Information for the Southern California chapter of the Black Panther Party, told the Free Press on Monday that "This should be a clear lesson to the people of Whittier. This case is analogous to the sort of thing that goes on in the black community every day. The people of Whittier should understand that even they are not exempt from the vicious attacks of vigilantes who call themselves protectors."

UPS/Los Angeles Free Press

cleaver

[Continued from Page 4.]

gory that you might be able to put into the American ruling class, I feel exactly the same way. That is it's a negative, diseased and totally undesirable element, and that it must be eliminated. So we know what we must do for the oppressor who move actively against the people in defending this system. And we must also know what we must do to those who lie in the mass media, in order to confuse, or to deceive people. And I don't think that the criticism, or talking about them, or talking to them, or trying to correct them is the solution. I think that the solution to their problem is to take their heads, I could say something different, I could say something like a teacher would say, to try to show them the error of their ways. To try to convince them that they should change, that they should start telling the truth. I could try to appeal to their intelligence or to their conscience, or to their self-interests, or to some other quality that might motivate them. But I don't have any hope that they would listen to what I would say about that, or listen to anyone else who says anything about that in the same way that I'm saying it. I believe that these people are evil, that they know what they're doing and that they will continue to do that no matter what you say. If I would make a statement that would try to appeal to them, or to try to communicate with them; they would write a lie about that. So that I say that we must communicate with them in a manner that they cannot fail to understand. And I'd like also to quote Stalin. Stalin said, "That the weapon of criticism will never equal the criticism of weapon." So I say that we must elevate our level of criticism of these pigs to another level. And that when they have not listened to the criticism of the people; when the people should begin to criticize them with guns. Then they will begin to listen, or it will not matter whether they listen or not. So I think that for all the pigs, for the dumb racist pig cop on the beat, to the avaricious businessmen, to the demagogic politicians, and to the men of words, and to all their flunkies. But particularly to all those who carry weapons, who use weapons, or cause others to use weapons in defense of the United States' capitalistic government, are fair targets for the wrath of the people. Later for the mass media, later for all those special categories. For the enemy is identified, ain't nothing to do but move against him. They'll change their attitudes.

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Taxation without Representation

By HOWARD KOHN

[Editor's Note: This is the fourth in a five-part series detailing the performances of Sheriff Douglas Harvey. This article deals with taxes.]

More than anyone else, Sheriff Douglas Harvey has done the most to increase taxes in Washtenaw County. He has doubled the budget for law enforcement and almost doubled his salary in less than five years as sheriff.

Much of the money has gone to such sophisticated weaponry as the pepper gas machine, used recklessly in the South U riot, and for the feeding and training of the canine corps [which are dogs, for the most part].

Several county supervisors have criticized him for his excesses. But none have been able to stop him.

The impotency of the county board was pointed up two years ago when Harvey defied the board rather than answer charges of defrauding the county. After Harvey told the board to shove it, the supervisors murmurred that his actions were regrettable and dropped the investigation.

Later they insisted to county taxpayers that Harvey would be watched carefully in the future to prevent a recurrence. Harvey had been stealing money from the jail commisary and been filing false expense vouchers.

But the supervisors did not anticipate the ingenuity of the shyster sheriff, who has been merrily continuing to cheat the county—with a little help from his friends.

Orville Trotter, U.S. marshall for the Eastern Michigan district, is an old political crony of Harvey's. He has recently been urging Harvey to run for Congress against Marvin Esch in 1970.

Trotter is an ex-Marine who believes soldiers and sheriffs aren't compensated enough for the risks they take. He was outraged that Harvey's integrity should be impugned because he'd been taking a few bucks on the side.

So he arranged a set-up whereby Harvey could not be chastised—or so he thought. He agreed to funnel federal prisoners into the Washtenaw County Jail, at a premium rate of $15 a day paid directly to the sheriff.

At his end Harvey persuaded the county board to budget all federal monies coming into the sheriff's department under one sub-heading. Although the county treasurer objected to this ruse, the supervisors were apparently too sleepy to notice.

So federal money is pouring into the county jail, where the accomodations have never been worse, with no one but Sheriff Harvey to account for it. Some sources in the county estimate the money at $200 a month.

As the Argus goes to press, Harvey has not come forward to explain what he's doing with money. But rumor has it that barhops at Flick's and Old Heidelburg know.

Newsreel...

Newsreel is a notionwide organization of revolutionary filmmakers with bases in over 10 cities. Newsreel moved into Detroit this past summer in order to make a film about auto workers and to set up a regional distribution center for their films. The Detroit Collective is now shooting the film, and holding screenings around their area.

Newsreel is non-sectarian in its service to the Movement—films are shown where the people are, in colleges, high schools, churches, backyards, bars, coffee-shops, living rooms and basements. Almost any organization can rent our films for about a dollar a minute of film time, and even this fee can be negotiated or waived if groups or individuals don't have the bread. Our goal is to use our films as effectively as possible for purposes of political education, which means showing them anytime anywhere the people are.

To better service this area, a Newsreel Distribution Center is now getting it together here in Ann Arbor. So far we've screened our films in U of M dorms in conjunction with SDS-Resistance political education raps, in Canterbury House as part of the Radical Film Series, for high-school students at Mark's and at Trans-Love and Black Beret benefits. The kick-off for the Distribution Center was our three-day festival last week, during which we showed more than 35 films made by Newsreel in the past two years, plus a score of films imported from fraternal organizations in the Third World and Europe.

But this is only the beginning. There's lots of heavy political work to be done in and around Ann Arbor in the next few months. If you're interested in working with us, or need help arranging screenings for your friends, or just want to get a catalog, call Deborah Shaffer at 761-4533 in Ann Arbor.

Watch for future screenings, come dig the films and rap with us.

NEWSREEL SERVES THE PEOPLE. ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

DOW

By DAVID SCHANOES

The Hilton Inn on State Road shines its neon welcome mat out through the darkness. WELCOME DOW CHEMICAL CO. Fifty men from all over the country met at the Hilton Inn on Nov. 12 and 13 to discuss strategies and techniques for reaching the American consumer. It seemed very surprising that such an event could take place in Ann Arbor with so little notice from the radical community. With a sign as big as all outdoors, somehow Dow Chemical went unnoticed in Ann Arbor. Surprising? No, Frustrating.

The meeting at the Hilton Inn was officially billed as a meeting of the Finance Officers. The vision of slick and slim executives floated across the road, but instead they are ex-football players from high school gone fat; George F. Babbitt and not David Rockefeller.

I sat in the lobby and waited for the corporate giants to finish their dinner. Everyone of them it seems has the back of his neck shaved; it fascinates me, everyone of them. Standard uniforms for baby burners? Several of them pass by all seem very hesitant about saying anything at all.

"Excuse me," I said, "but are you with the Dow Chemical party?"

"I might be, what's it to you?"

And that's pretty much the sum total of any attempt at conversation with the Finance officers. They would not answer any question relating to the economic growth of Dow Chemical, it's connection with universities across the country [U of M owns over 8,000 shares of stock in Dow Chemical], nor the production of napalm. They did say that they were involved primarily with the marketing of polyethylene film, Saran Wrap, and an interesting side light, this type of polyethylene film, is sold to a big chain supermarkets to wrap their meats and cheeses. So even if you don't buy Saran Wrap you buy Saran Wrap. That's called Free Enterprise. And the Finance Officers of Dow Chemical can meet at the Hilton Inn and eat steaks while Dow Chemical Napalm cooks more Vietnamese. That's called law and order. The University owns over a million dollars worth of Dow Chemical stock, defends the right of Dow to recruit on a public campus, and then accuses the left of fomenting violence. That's called academic freedom. And we, we do nothing when Dow Chemical comes to Ann Arbor. That's called complicit fascism. Did you ever have the feeling that we are the silent majority Nixon keeps referring to?

WE WIN WUN

By FLEAGLE

Never say that the pigs don't learn from their mistakes. Last summer, those arrested for contention on South University received a somewhat fiar trial, and half of them were found guilty.

Washtenaw County is making sure that the same thing does not happen in the LS&A bust. The courts are no longer on the level.

However, Judge Elden was not able to get the message across to the jury November 4 when eight defendants were acquited on charges of contention. The jury was out almost all night after defense lawyers punched holes all through President Fleming's story. Even though the court procedure was rigged for a finding of guilty, the jury didn't fall for the shit.

But, Judge Pieter Thomassen has decided to teach the defendants what due process means. And, so far, there have been seventeen convictions and no acquittals in his court.

His rulings have shocked even some non political lawyers. One lawyer, a life long Republican, was so disgusted at the way the cases were being handled by the court that he volunteered his services as a defense lawyer.

Here is what Thomassen has done so far:

1. He is consolidating the trials of all defendants who have the same trial date at the time of trial. The General Court Rules of Michigan require that a motion for such consolidation be made in writing at least four days before trial. Also, he refuses to allow defense attorneys to make any argument concerning such consolidation.

2. He refused to allow an attorney who entered his appearance just before the beginning of trial more time to prepare his case.

3. He refused to allow all the defendants in each case to challenge more than two prospective jurors even though a Michigan law gives each defendant the right to make two challenges.

4. He has given instructions to the jury that all they have to find is that a contention [whatever that is] was taking place and that the defendants were in the building. They do have to find that each defendant was contentious.

The defendants do not stand much chance under these rules, which is how it is meant to be. The prosecution is coming down hard because the defendants are refusing to make a deal. Mass busts in Ann Arbor used to mean that some local attorney with friends in the police would advise those arrested to make a deal. This is what happened in the welfare sit-in last year.

But the defendants voted not to deal but try to use the trials as a political testing ground. Unfortunately, they have not been all together successful.

Most people have lost interest in the trials, thinking that the trials must be fair. The campus media have spent no time analyzing the trials or drumming up support for the defendants. And money, which is necessary to any political trial has just not been coming in.

The trials will be continuing. Some of the defendants will be defending themselves in the hope that they will be able to explain their action as being justified. But, given the trial procedure, and Thomassen's instructions which almost direct a verdict of guilty, there is only a slight chance of success. Tuesday, November 4, was an example of that success.

Of course, there will be an appeal, and a higher state court may overturn the convictions, but the county hopes to have proven its point: Make a deal or get fucked.

Jackie Evans, who was arrested inside of the Whistle Stop Restaurant for allegedly calling a pig a pig and charged with using obscene language last July, had her case dismissed by Assistant County Prosecutor Thomas Shea.

Shea, who looks slightly porcine himself, was so embarassed to go into court with such a jive case that he did not even let it go to trial. Attorney Don Koster was happy to see the charges against his client dropped, although he was a little disappointed that he did not have the chance to prove the truth of Jackie's statement

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The following item headlined "Six Recruits Charged With Threats To Nixon" comes our way [thanx to Dave Nolan] from the Beaufort [SC] Gazette, September 11:

from *the Great Speckled Bird*

A federal grand jury indictment has charged six recruits at the Parris Island Marine Recruit Training Depot with threatening to kill President Nixon.

Four letters were sent containing the threats, according to the indictment. Ordered to undergo psychiatric examinations at the South Carolina Mental Hospital in Columbia were Paul David Francis of Hardy, Kentucky, and James Franklin McCallister of St. Albans, West Virginia. Others listed in the indictment were John Edward Haley of New York City, Marion W. Pyles of Cleveland, Ohio, and Herman A. Rauf, Jr., of Miami, Florida.

According to the indictment, Francis wrote:

"Sir President, I feel that this is my duty to inform you that I am going to take your life and this is no ordinary threat becatise I am desperate. I feel that if I kill you I will be doing the whole world a lot of good. I am in the brig which is run like a Nazi prison camp. So I will get you as soon as I get a chance. That chance is not very far away. Your assinate, Paul Francis."

McCallister's letter stated, according to the charges:

"Remember when President Kennedy was around and he was riding down the street with the top down on his car and someone took a couple of shots at him and killed him. Well that is the same thing that is going to happen to you, President of the United States, in a couple of months. Take my word for it, you will end like this. I am going to kill you and that is a promise."

It was signed "James McCallester and buddys."

The grand jury said a letter signed by Haley, Rauf, and Pyles read:

"Here is a statement I feel concern you very much. It has very much to do with your life I feel that the United States is in desperate need of a new president. Therefore we feel that it is our duty to take immediate action. I have thought this matter over considerably and due to the fact that there is no solution except that you must be eliminated. At the present time I am confined. Within a short time, I will be released to resume my normal activitys. Therefore I will complete my mission. Due to lack of confidence I have in my country I feel it is my duty to reunite this country in the most upstanding way."

The indictment says Charles Eugene Robinson signed this letter:

"Well, sir, I am going to be very frank as to what this letter is all about. I have been doing some thinking about the United States and I think there pretty low down and whoever runs them is lower yet and doesn't deserve to live. You know what happened to John Kennedy and the same is going to happen to you because I am going to see to it in other words when I get a chance. I'm going to blow your head off just like his was and that's a damn promise, not a threat. I hate you and the United States and I think Sirhan was right in what he did and uphold him in every way."

According to the Savannah Morning News, September 12, Robinson's attorney told the judge that the letter was intended to get him [Robinson] out of the Marines.

Fun, Travel, & Adventure

PHOTO/David Fenton/LNS

GREENSBORO, S.C. [LNS]—A district Court Judge says that in the last few months case after case of violence and brutality by ex-Vietnam war veterans has been brought before her, and that after military training, men "come back unprepared for living and reacting in a peaceful society."

Judge Elreta Alexander ordered psychiatric treatment for Vietnam veteran John Howard Johnson after Johnson, in a "fit of anger", smashed a plate-glass window and a glass door during an argument with a restaurant manager. "The boy had a seizure of violence that even he can't explain," the Judge said.

Judge Alexander stated that military training makes a man into an "animal", but failed to draw the proper conclusion from her observations. Her beef is not with military training itself, but with the failure of the military to "de-fuse [a soldier's] war-time reactions" before sending him back home. She says she wants more training and preparation for the return of soldiers to civilian life.

FORT LEWIS, Washington [LNS]—The Army's attempts to stifle growing GI dissent have now extended to kidnapping.

Steve Gilbert, one of the founders of FTA [the Ft. Knox underground paper] and an active GI organizer, came perilously close to being shanghied to Korea this week. Only the strategic presence of a group of vocal civilians prevented him from being unwillingly shipped overseas.

Gilbert refused orders to report to Korea last spring and went AWOL from Ft. Knox instead, spending his time travelling around the country building the GI movement. He returned to the Army early in October "because that's where our fight is now."

Two hours after he turned himself in to military authorities at Ft. Knox [where the Army had promised they would court-martial him] he was shipped to Ft. Lewis Washington, and placed in the stockade. On Oct.24 he was told he was going to Korea, and was put on the passenger list for the 1:00 a.m. flight. He managed a phone call to his lawyer, who then protested through the Proper Channels and was assured that Gilbert would not be shipped. Nevertheless, Gilbert's name was not withdrawn from the passenger list.

That night, Gilbert was taken under armed guard and held in confinement until half an hour before his scheduled departure. The Army tried to process him separately and slip him onto the plane secretly.

But the Army lost the day. A group of civilians from the Shelter Half Coffee House spotted Gilbert and raised an earsplitting ruckus, screaming and yelling for the GI to be set free. [The coffee house organizers had been tipped off by Gilbert's lawyer that he would be boarding the plane.] The Army hustled Gilbert, fist raised, into a van. The captive soldier was whisked away by his Army abductors and that particular plane left for Korea without him.

NEW YORK [LNS]—The Armed Forces, a rigidly democratic defender of democracy, has just been issued a directive specifically limiting its soldiers from organized political activity. Leaving the appearance but not the substance of political opportunity open to servicemen, the Defense Department ruling allows soldiers to display political stickers, join political clubs, and attend meetings [though not in uniform] and write letters to the editor "providing those views do not attempt to promote a partisan political cause." Peace, for instance. Not to mention revolution.

Soldiers are not permitted to take part in demonstrations, hold office in political organizations or do anything which might be in any way construed to be contrary to the National Interest.

Not that any of this is particularly new. It's just down on paper now; a concession to the increasing level of GI activism. In real life it's still up to the Commanding Officer to decide how to deal with dissident GIs, and it's still going down hard on them. That the Defense Department felt compelled to issue guidelines for this dissent means the action is having its effect on the men upstairs though. In a telling gesture the Army tried recently to ban all political bumper stickers from GIs private cars, but dropped it when they got called "picayune" by the GI press.

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SAIGON [LNS]—"They're just not telling it like it is," said Pvt. David Dugger, a 21-year-old rifleman from Atlanta. The soldier, stationed in Vietnam was talking about the official military news outlets. A recent report in the New York Times documents widespread dissatisfaction over how Vietnam news is dished out to the GIs. In sum, the Times report indicates that the GIs are given a lot of gung-ho clap-trap in the hopes that "morale" won't be undermined.

One radio show junked an item about corruption in the South Vietnamese Army, because network officials ordered it deleted. Vocabulary is altered to make the realities of South Vietnam take on a different form: "Vietcong tax collector" is called "Vietcong extortionist," and "search and clear" replaces "search and destroy."

Young staff members of the Pacific Stars and Stripes, the Pentagon-financed daily, have sometimes tried to tell it like it is, but the paper has earned the nickname "Hanoi Herald" and the brass is trying to push through a clean-up. One disgruntled reporter said he had been ordered to cut a story on a war widow who had refused a military funeral for her husband, and not to report anything about the death of Ho Chi Minh that did not portray him as "thoroughly bad."

Lt. Col. James Adams defends the army network:

"This is an armed forces network and our job is to further the mission of the United States military. These censorship charges stem primarily from young men who misunderstand our efforts to avoid broadcasting news that would hurt morale or help the enemy. We can never forget who our audience is."

NEW YORK [LNS]—An AWOL GI From Fort Dix has been granted sanctuary on the campus of Columbia University. But Jorge Caputo, the 18-year-old soldier from Schenectady, NY, who took refuge in St. Paul's Chapel on the night of the Vietnam Moratorium, prefers the term "political asylum" to "sanctuary."

"This is a political act, not a symbolic gesture," he said on his third day in the chapel. A statement issued by the Columbia group supporting Jorge explained their role as "providing Jorge with a forum to express the views and experience which the military extablishment punishes GIs for expressing. We are giving him physical asylum from the military authorities who seek to return him to the stockade."

Jorge has spent seven of his eight months of Army life in the infamous Dix stockade, which he described as "a concentration camp employing tortures that go back to the Middle Ages." When a sceptical New York Times reporter asked what he meant, Jorge ran it down for him: "the slop that passes for food, the restraining straps, beatings by sadistic guards—in short, a living hell designed to intimidate guys going into intimidate guys into going to Vietnam."

Jorge said he was taking asylum "on behalf of all my brothers in the stockade and enslaved in the armed services." He sees his act as one more link between GIs and students. "I see it as a continuation of the Fort Dix demonstration," he said.

Those demands are [1] Free all political prisoners, civilian and military, 2] Free the Fort Dix 38, 3] Abolish military stockades, 4] Immediate withdrawal of all US forces from Vietnam.

Jorge was first thrown into the stockade back in March for "disobeying a lawful order." That "lawful" order was to train for combat, to learn how to kill! "The army has tried to make a killer of me after telling em that my job was that of a typist," Jorge says. Like so many other guys who have grown up in the streets, he got sucked into the army by a sweet-talking recruiting sergeant who assured him he would never get sent to Vietnam. "See the world, three square meals a day, you know the routine, but after seeing where a lot of my friends were ending up, the army didn't look so bad. I was confused and had a few problems. I thought maybe the army could help. I didn't know they were going to try to make a killer out of me."

HEAD LINES

UPTIGHT BUSINESSMEN CHANGE SDS NAME: BUT THE GAME'S THE SAME

NEW YORK [LNS]—To the amusement of everyone except Students for a Democratic Society and the masters of Scientific Data Systems, the two groups have always been known by the same sets of initials, SDS. The capitalists apparently have broken first under the pressure, as must always happen when the people keep their thing together: Scientific Data Systems has changed its name to Xerox Data Systems, and now asks people to abbreviate them XDS. No matter how they abbreviate, the name still spells out the same old racist capitalism.

POLITICAL PRISONER NUMBER ? ? ?

KILLEEN, Texas [LNS]—Richard Chase is set to go on trial soon before a court martial at Fort Hood, Tex. A private in Headquarters Company 1-66, 2nd Armored Division, he is charged with refusing riot control duty.

A year ago, during the Democratic Convention, 43 black GIs at Fort Hood refused riot duty in Chicago. Now, when most of them have completed their sentences, and the Fort Hood 43 have become a part of movement history, Pvt. Chase faces similar charges.

The new defendant differs from the 43 in that he is white. But it seems doubtful that the Army will treat him more gently because of that.

In fact, Chase, who had been given a desk job in lieu of a C.O. because of his refusal to serve in Vietnam, was ordered to take part inriot duty because the brass knew he would refuse.

BOLIVIANS HEAR RADIO-MEMORIAL TO CHE

LA PAZ, Bolivia [LNS]—Four masked guerrillas seized a local radio station on Oct. 9 long enough to broadcast a recorded message marking the second anniversary of the death of Che Guevara. The action and the message both made it clear that Che's death had by no means ended the Bolivian struggle for which he gave his life.

FBI ASKS INDIANOLA: 'HANOI OR PEKING—WHERE DID THEY PLAN YOUR MORATORIUM?'

By HENRY WILHELM

GRINNELL, Iowa [LNS]—If you think the Vietnam Moratorium was just an expression of the liberal establishment's guilt feelings, the FBI doesn't think so. G-men invaded the sleepy little Iowa town of Indianola, the home of sleepy Simpson College, to try to find out the "political ideology" of the local Moratorium organizers.

Dean of Students Bill Webster said an agent approached him seeking information about the Moratorium organization and told him that "the leaders must have allegiance to either Hanoi or Peking." This was too much for even the Dean of Simpson College, who later commented, "It was government intrusion into a legitimate political activity. It was a Big-Brother-is-Watching-You thing."

The president of Simpson, Ralph C. John, became upset about the matter and reported it to the Board of Trustees. He called the FBI's probe "political paranoia."

The leader of the Simpson Moratorium Movement, Richard Cohen, got so mad that he phoned the FBI office in Des Moines and asked why they had not come directly to him to ask about his background. "They told me that when they wanted to talk to me they would let me know."

CAMPUS COPS GETTING IT TOGETHER

ATHENS, Ga. [LNS]—One offshoot of campus rebellions has been the burgeoning of campus police forces. As colleges open across the country, the men who are supposed to keep things from getting out of hand are playing around with vastly expanded budgets and arsenals, including "shotguns, riot helmets with face guards, plastic billies [guaranteed not to break], handcuffs, thumbcuffs, 4-foot super-mace guns, pepper fog, and a $2400 device called "The Curdler" which emits ear-piercing shrieks and forces rioters to drop whatever they're carrying and cover their ears," says the San Francisco Chronicle.

The International Association of College and University Security Directors held its 11th annual convention at the University of Georgia recently. And the participants seemed to be revelling in a new sense of their own importance. *Just Like J. Edgar and the FBI* was the themesong, as Al Romencon, a retired Canadian Mountie who heads the force at Waterloo University in Ontario suggested that wire taps and other bugs be used on such groups as Students for a Democratic Society."

Other suggestions show that the campus cops have learned a lot from their brothers in the big time. One scheme for getting around legal difficulties in searching student's rooms for drugs proposed posting notices at all campus gates stating that 'anyone entering automatically waives his rights against searches.'

The increased status of the campus rent-a-cops was best rewarded by the Universities of Illinois and Wisconsin who have elevated their chief pigs to the rank of vice chancellor of the university. At this rate, the "free marketplace of ideas" may outstrip the rest of the country in developing the institutions of a police state.

A CRISIS IN TIME SAVES NINE

WASHINGTON [LNS]—Don't be surprised if a major international crisis explodes in the next few months. And don't let it worry you either. Chances are it will have originated right here in our nation's capital under the careful supervision of our beloved leader President Nixon.

A reporter from the Chicago Daily News, who was trying to feel out Nixon's boys on the administration's reaction to the growing dissatisfaction with its performance, was given this gem of strategic wisdom: "I ought to be cashiered for saying it, but what we need right now is a full-blown international crisis that will divert everybody and give us time to recoup our losses."

BEWARE THE MAN BEHIND THE CAMERA

NEW YORK [LNS]—A New York photographer who sold pictures to underground and left publications during a two-year stint as a "movement activist" turned up on the witness stand at the Chicago Conspiracy trial last week as a paid informer.

The photographer, Louis Salzberg, worked up until the autumn of 1968 for El Tiempo, a right-wing Spanish language newspaper in New York. He was contacted by the FBI around that time and asked to "coope te."

CARSON CITY HAS ENTICING WOMEN

CARSON CITY, Nevada [LNS]—The Nevada Supreme Court ruled that female undercover police agents may use "sexual wiles" to combat traffic in narcotics.

In a recent pot trial here, defense attorneys cried "unfair" over a narc named Sheila using her "sexual wiles" to get into the guys' room where the dope was. After sampling their stuff she opened the door to the pigs, who had no search warrant, and the bust was on.

There is danger in overintellectualizing a vignette like this, but this is a prototype America. Not only is a kid busted unnecessarily, but a woman is conned out of her body by a State that looks on all women as hookers of one kind or another.

CALIFORNIA COLLEGES GUARD AGAINST "MISUSE" OF FREEDOM OF SPEECH

SACRAMENTO, California [LNS]—Administrators of the California state college system are planning to come down hard on student newspapers. S.I. Hayakawa has already suspended publication of S.F. State's Gator because of its stand during the strike last year.

A report from Chancellor Glenn Dumke's office recommends setting up strong controlling boards to "guard against misuse of the principle of freedom of the press." Dumke's idea is that if the papers have strong "controls" they won't have to have "censorship."

Dumke is bugged by the use of "four-letter words," nudity, and "issues devoted in large part to minority groups.

HAWKS AND DOVES, PENTAGON HAS PLANS FOR BOTH

WASHINGTON [LNS]—The Pentagon is undertaking a new project to study whether birds can replace man in such facets of war as aerial photography, gunnery, steering of missiles, detection of mines, and in a-
search and destroy missions. The Humane Society is all in a flurry about it and has described the plan as "the work of birdbrains, a crowning idiocy of our time."

The Pentagon has signed a $600,000 contract with the University of Mississippi for this study which would concentrate on the adaptability to war of crows, ravens, doves, vultures, chickens and pigeons.

KOREANS CALL FOR STRIKE

PYONGYANG, Korea [LNS]—Cafeteria workers at a U.S. base in South Korea rebelled and called a general strike recently to protest the attack on a South Korean woman by a U.S. soldier.

The Central Korean News Agency, which reported this incident, was not specific, describing the attack as a "criminal act" and an "inhumane outrage." Tens of thousands of American soldiers occupying South Korea are compelled by circumstances to relate to South Korean women—but their role as aggressor and invader means that many, many women end as prostitutes, rape victims and downtrodden house servants.

WAR IS HELL DEPARTMENT

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—Senator Robert Kennedy

The Right and Proper Way to Deal With Gooks

"Assassination is a very important way to run a country in the Far East. You just gotta learn that," said noted author [The Green Berets] Robin Moore in telling newsmen he attended Green Beret assassination school and even did it for them once or twice.

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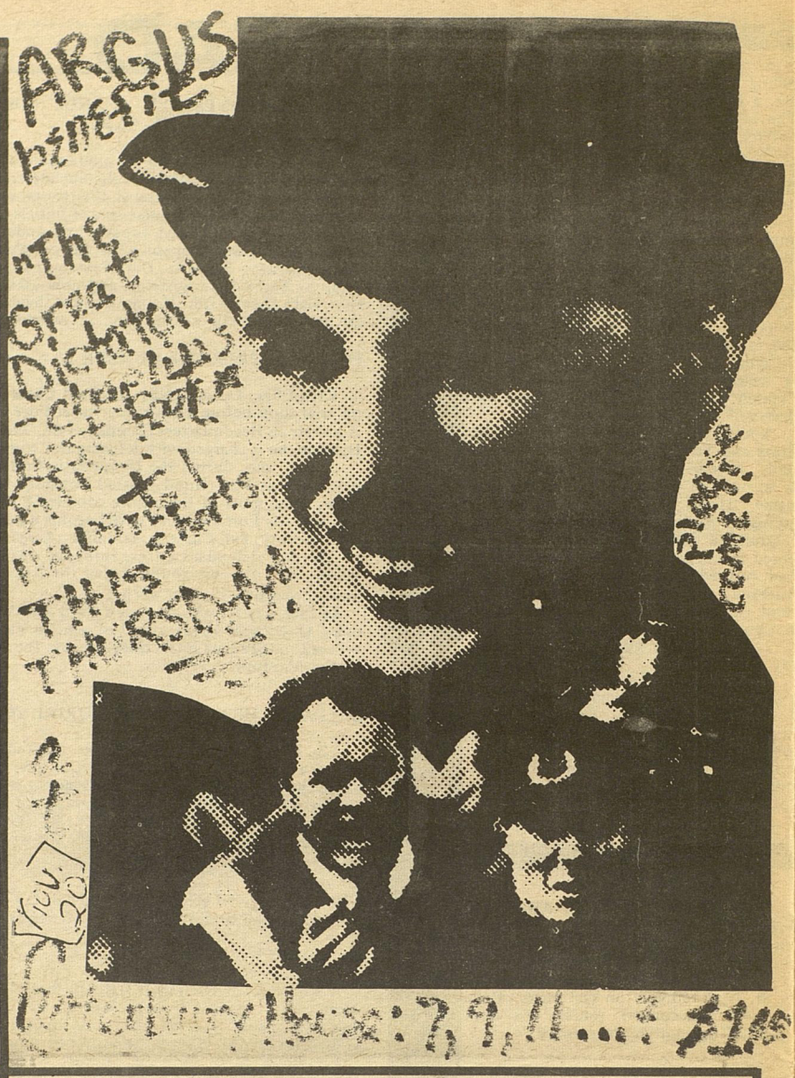

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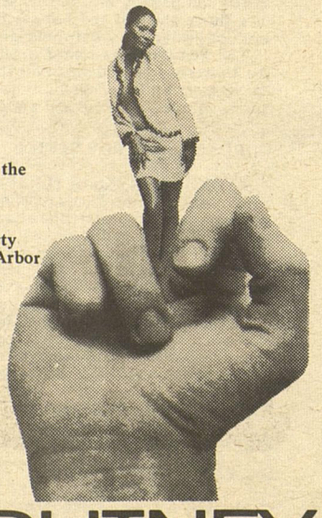
—Michigan Daily



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Rennie Davis

[Continued from Page 11.]

these threats and the source of violence in America. It is possible that the police and the army and the National Guard will be ordered to crush this demonstration. A government that can commit genocide against another nation is certainly capable of crushing a demonstration. I don't expect it and it's not a prediction, but we have to understand the lengths the government will go to end dissent, becauseit's only by crushing dissent that the policies in Vietnam can continue. It's clear enough that Nixon's committment to Johnson's position in Vietnam is total. So that's the situation we are in. The Vietnamese are going to do their part of the job, Vietnamization is a joke, I think that Nixon doesn't know this yet, I think that he actually believes that in 70 or 71 or 72 troops can begin to withdraw and the Saigon government can begin to get a foothold in Vietnam, but I tell you frankly that the debate today in the Central Committee of the NLF is a debate between a military strategy that accents American casualties, and a military strategy that all out for a major final push, sort of a Dien Bien Phu for all of Vietnam. I have travelled extensively, more than any other American in North Vietnam, and since the bombing has halted, and I think that everyone knows that the Vietnamese were not bombed back into the stone age as Curtis Lemay promised, in many ways I think they are moving into the 21st Century. They have one of the most exciting plans for decentralization working in the country today, they are totally mobilized as a people, and the strength of the North Vietnamese has never been totally employed in this war. The regular army of the NLF and the province units have carried most of the fighting, even during the TET offensive, and yet what most Americans don't understand is that in every village throughout the countryside there are speical active and self defense units, and those guerrillas number in the millions and are under NLF command and have not yet been mobilized for a single major strength offensive and they can be. So the strength of Vietnam, even though, since 1967, the U.S. has yet to launch a single major offensive on the battlefield, since that time, the Vietnamese NLF have held the total initiative, nevertheless the military strength of the South Vietnamese guerrillas, the PRG, has yet to be employed in this war. So you have that situation which Nixon does not comprehend, and the situation in this country where young people are just not going to buy what Nixon says. It's going to be us and the Vietnamese who are going to compel this government to get out of Vietnam.

I tell you the Vietnamese are gonna wake some people up in this country. There are about four million guerillas who haven't even begun to operate yet. Talk about kicking ass.

Argus: In 54 hadn't the Viet Minh conquered Laos and Cambodia besides what is now known as Vietnam?

Davis: That's true, the Viet Minh held about ¾ of Indo China and were in the position to over-run the other ¼, one of the great bitterments of course was that they decided to do it politically instead of militarily. So it's really a debate whether or not the U.S. might bring in Hydrogen Bombs. There is not any doubt in my mind that they haven't begun to do what they can do.

It was hardly noticed but very important politically, Ho Chi Minh's last public appeal on July the 20th, 1969, I was in the auditorium where Pham Van Duong read it, it was so out of sight, representatives from China and Russia, all the socialist countries were there, plus the representatives from all the major organizations in North Vietnam. Pham Van Duong comes onto the stage, sees me, walks down from the stage, through the audience, past all those socialist countries, comes up to me and throws his arms around me and says how are you Rennie. Just about blew my brain out. And dig this, then he says How's your head? He was talking about the convention. anyway the statement he read was basically a statement calling for total victory. Up until now that slogan had never been used, and I left that meeting and went down through the country and the slogan, Total Victory, was plastered on every bridge, wall, and building in the country, I mean it looked like the Blackstone Rangers, every kid writing total victory on every wall. It's just incredible, the Panhandle region, in 68 Johnson so-called limited the bombing, the tonnage of bombs dropped between the 17th and 20th parallels was tripled. They dropped more bombs from April to November than were dropped the entire rest of the air war. It's a tiny narrow strip of land about two hundred miles long. ¼ of the population of Viet Nam lives there. It's one of the most heavily populated appeal of the world. Every five feet you go along the road and there's a bomb crater, every brick, every wall, every structure over two feet high has been destroyed, whole cities of 80,000 smashed. But what's mind blowing is that you go through that whole area and it looks like everyone missed the war. There's no cripples, or wounded, or scarred and everyone has been underground for four fucking years. Goddam whole mountains have been hollowed out, I saw these huge factories inside, not one single casualty and turning out stuff and it's just amazing. There ain't no way that those fucking bombs can hurt them.

Wash.

[Continued from Page 3.]

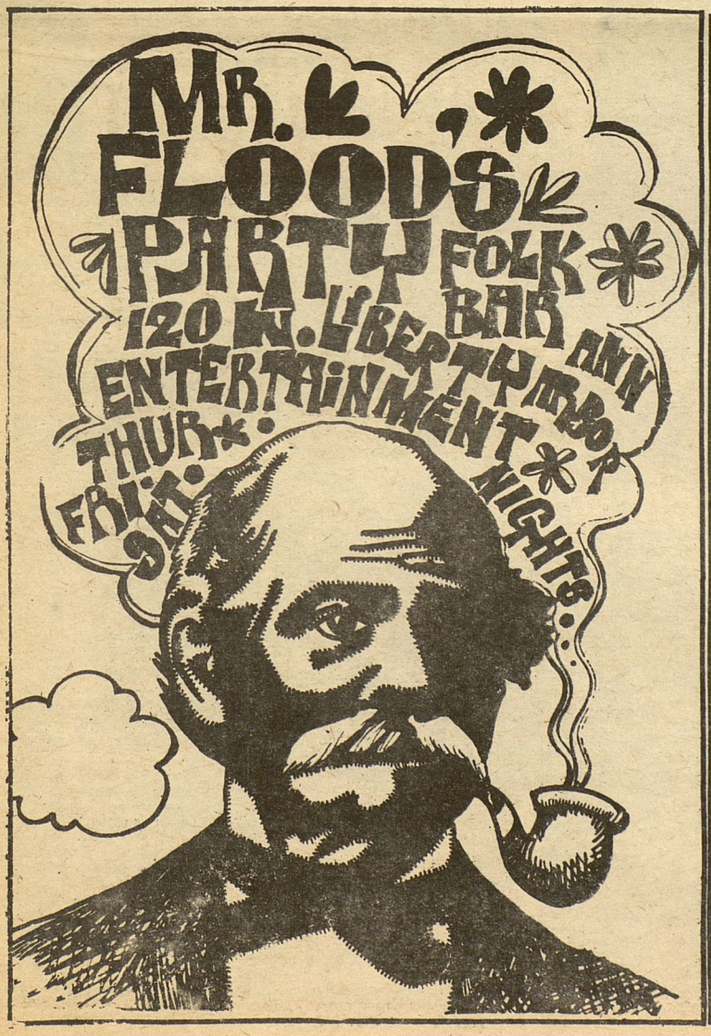
arrests as possible. But the amount of gas is huge. Everywhere people run choking through clouds of CS and pepper gas. Medics flush out eyes and rinse faces. Some of the gas thrown is actually a powder that sticks to the skin and clothing and remains potent for hours. Finally the people disperse from the Justice Department and move toward Washington D.C. where bank and jewelry windows become the prime targets. The people move from street to street hesitant about fighting with police. Most don't but the question is at least there, if in fact the police had charged into the marchers a full scale battle like Chicago would have erupted. The Mobe marshalls moved with the people, still exhorting them to go home and give peace a chance, but they were met with fuck you's and some fists. Later on, the people return to the Justice Department and the police. Bottles fly at the police and tear gas shells return in volleys of ten. As the brothers and sisters dispersed they run across the street and up a bridge where a couple has placed their pushcart, selling candy canes, Washington D.C. pennants, and magic fortune telling eight balls. They remain placid as the people stream past trying to make a sale.

"Candy canes, pennants, buttons, candy canes."

The ultimate triumph of capitalism. Somebody is bound to be selling cotton candy during the revolution.

The next day both the Vietnam Moratorium Committee and the New Mobe take special care in denouncing the actions of the people at the Justice Department. They want to make it perfectly clear that they did their best to cooperate with the police. They even quote police officers to support them. War makes strange bedfellows and if the New Mobe wants to sleep with pigs, fine. For every pork chop there is a frying pan.

Washington made one thing clear: the New Mobe is organizing youth to become a new ruling class—peace pigs—while we need Weathermen to make the wind blow our way.



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Love Letters, etc.

Dear Ken,

To help you if possible in the hassle over the Stephenson picture—I just bought a white radish 1 foot long in a store which looks exactly like what he's holding. Go look for yourself if you don't believe me.

Peace & Love,
A Calif. Friend

Friends,

I am an American. I am not free.

But then, only a few Americans are free—Free to Live what they dare to Believe.

My name is Galen Moser—I am an Airman First Class in the U.S. Air Farce, stationed at Lowry AFB, Denver, Colo.

I would ask, I *need* your help.

I'm tired of kissing asses for a living. Not tired, Sick! I'm sick from having my mind twisted, shaped into a mold to fit the future that has been planned for me.

I'm sick of bring trained to maintain this nation's machines of destruction, its toys.

I joined this absurd game because at the time I was too ignorant to beat the draft any other way, too naive to realize what was happening around me. But gradually I have come to realize just exactly what is going on and how wrong it all is. I want to right a few wrongs.

I'm writing to you because I read an article in the July 10-25 issue of the Argus that really set me off. The article [entitled ZAP] was about an airman in Ohio by the name of Rossair Bisson. Rossair had the balls to defy the warmonster, and I admire him tremendously.

I've decided that I must do something—must join in the struggle. I know i'm of some potential value to the movement. This is where I need your help. Is there anyone in this area I can contact—any organization? Any group?—I will welcome any help you can provide me with—will you help me?

Your Brother,
Galen

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

We are writing you for Los Siete, an organization formed in San Francisco around the case of the seven latin brothers who are accused of murdering a policeman last May. They are being held without bail by the government and the media has already tried and sentenced them in public opinion.

Los Siete is handling their legal defense and is functioning as a group to educate the community about the seven. Los Siete is working to serve the people, especially those here in the Mission District of San Francisco. We have a daily free breakfast for children; we are working on a health clinic, a draft-help group and a community newspaper.

Our newest project is a restaurant-community center called The Basta Ya! [which means "enough" in Spanish]. We want the restaurant to be a place where people can gather around good healthy meals at inexpensive prices, exchange pleasant talk with friends and ideas and opinions on our situation.

We are trying to build a library in the restaurant where people can read and share literature. We would like very much to receive your newspaper as part of our library. In exchange we will send you our bi-monthly paper called also, "Basta Ya!"

We would greatly appreciate hearing from you. Perhaps by joining our voices and spreading each others messages the people will hear us.

Your sisters,
Miranda and
Yolanda

Dear whomever,

We are writing to the underground press and asking them to run a small news item asking all people who have photographs of the events which occurred in Chicago at the Convention last year to send them to the Conspiracy at:

339 LaFayette St.
NYC, NY 10012

or to the Chicago Conspiracy office at:

28 East Jackson Blvd.
Chicago, Ill. 60604
Att: Len Weinglass

Included should be the name and address of the photographer and the date, time and place that the pictures were taken. The photos may be used in the courtroom as evidence and I cannot guarantee their return. Thank you for your cooperation.

Lyn Fink

Dear Argus,

Would you please cross from your mailing list: Head On.

Head On was an anti-war newspaper produced by Marines at MCB Camp Lejeune, MCAS Cherry Point, and MCAS[h] New River [all in N. Carolina]. It survived through nine issues and at least twice as many investigations before court martials and surprise transfers [generally to Vietnam] cut us to pieces. So, since we no longer exist, it won't do you a whole lot of good to mail papers to us. . . Thanks much anyway.

For myself I'd just like to compliment you guys on your paper. I attended U. of M. briefly two years ago but couldn't stand the attitudes reflected in the Daily and a majority of campus organizations. In another year when I finish subverting the Marine Corps I hope to return to school. . .I pray you guys are still around then.

Thanx,

[Continued on Page 35.]

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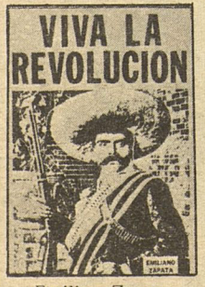

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MONDAY, NOV. 17

HEARING ON THE SOUTH U. "DISTURBANCES' City Council Meeting, City Hall, 7:30
FRANCO GULLI [violin] and ENRICA CAVALLO [piano], Rackham, 8:30, $2.50 to $5
LUNCH AND DISCUSSION–Guild House, noon to 1:00, buffet $.25

TUESDAY , NOV. 18

LUNCH & DISCUSSION–Guild House, noon to 1:00, buffet $.25

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 19

RADICAL FILM SERIES–Canterbury, to be announced
HOOT–everyone welcome to come & sing–the Ark, 8:30, $.50

THURSDAY, NOV . 20

"THE GREAT DICTATOR"–with Charlie Chaplin. plus; a Newsreel film–benefit for the Argus, Canterbury House, 7:00 on, $1
"GASLIGHT"–Charles Boyer as the husband, trying to drive his wife, Ingrid Bergman, insane–Cinema Guild, 7&9 , $.75

FRIDAY, NOV. 21

SEN. EDMUND MUSKIE–Hill Aud, 3:30, $1
OWEN McBRIDE from Ireland, Irish folk songs–the Ark, 8:30, $1.25
BANDORAMA–dir. Wm. Revelli, Hill Aud, 8:00, $1, $1.50, $2
OPERA: MASSENET'S "MANON"–Mendelssohn Theatre, 8:00, $3, thru Nov. 25th
"GUNS OF NAVARONE"–with Anthony Quinn and Gregory Peck, Cinema II, 7&9, $.75
"YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN"–with W. C. Fields, short: "Habeas Corpus", Alice's Restaurant, 8 & 10, $.50
STREET THEATRE with the PAGEANT PLAYERS – Canterbury, doors open 8:00, $2
"GASLIGHT"–see Nov. 20

SATURDAY, NOV. 22

"REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE"–with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Cinema Guild, 7 & 9, $.75
"MALTESE FALCON"–Smitty's, 7:30, $.50
U of M MEN'S GLEE CLUB–Hill Aud, 8:00, $2, $2.50,$3
OPERA –"MANON"–see Nov. 21
STREET THEATRE–see Nov. 21
OWEN McBRIDE–see Nov. 21
"GUNS OF NAVARONE"–see Nov. 21

SUNDAY, NOV. 23

STREET THEATRE–see Nov. 21
"REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE"–see Nov. 22

MONDAY, NOV. 24

OPERA–MANON–see Nov. 21
LUNCH AND DISCUSSION–Guild House, noon to 1:00, buffet $.25

TUESDAY, NOV. 25

NHK SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Hiroyuki Iwaki, cond., Hill Aud, 8:30, $2.50, to $7
OPERA –"MANON"–see Nov. 21
LUNCH & DISCUSSION–Guild House, noon to 1:00, buffet $.25

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 26

RADICAL FILM SERIES–Canterbury House–to be announced
HOOT–the Ark, 8:30, $.50

THURSDAY, NOV. 27

Give Thanks. [a message from Canterbury House]

FRIDAY, NOV. 28

"THE BUCKAROO FROM POWDER RIVER"–and "CHUMPS AT OXFORD" with Laurel & Hardy, Alice's Restaurant, 8 & 10, $.50
LUNCH AND DISCUSSION –Guild House

FREE EVENTS

MONDAY, NOV. 17

COMPOSERS' FORUM– Jack Fortner and Sidney Hodkinson, Cond., presentation of new music by student composers, School of Music Recital Hall, 8:00
EAST BOUND MOUND–Theatre by John Slade, "Jack the Bear" 8:00, Canterbury

TUESDAY, NOV. 18

EAST BOUND MOUND–see Nov. 17

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 19

"JOURNEY TO ANCIENT VIETNAMESE MUSIC " Vietnam Film Series, 7:30, Ecumenical Campus Center, 921 Church St.
HOROWITZ' "FINAL DRESS REHEARSAL "RATS"–Student Laboratory Theatre, 4:10, Arena Theatre, Frieze Bldg.
UNIVERSITY PHILHARMONIA –Alcantara, cond. works by Barber, Brahms, Xenakis, Hill, 8:00

THURSDAY, NOV. 20

BILL STAFFORD–POETRY READING, 4:10 the UGLI
HOROWITZ–see Nov. 19

SUNDAY, NOV. 23

ARK OPEN HOUSE–at nite

PLACES TO GO FOR LUNCH

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MARK'S–605 E. William
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THE ARK–1421 Hill
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CANTERBURY HOUSE–330 Maynard
Open 9 to 5 and 7 to midnite, Mon. thru Fri. Sunday worship, 11 am.
MARK'S–605 E. William
Open 10 am to midnite weekdays, Fri. and Sat. 10 am till 1 am. Starting Nov. 14, Mark's will be open 24 HR!

Anyone who is planning an event he would like listed in the calendar, please contact Barb at 761-8493

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liberty & justice for all

THE CLERK: File No. A-134588, People v. John A. Sinclair. You were found guilty by a jury July 25th of Possession of Marijuana. You are here today for sentence.

Do you have anything before the court imposes sentence?

THE DEFENDANT: I do.

THE CLERK: Speak up.

THE COURT: Do you want the microphone, Mr. Sinclair?

THE DEFENDANT: Not particularly.

THE COURT: All right.

THE DEFENDANT: I haven't had a chance to say anything and so far, I'd like to say a few things for the record. The Court is aware that these charges have been fabricated against me by the Detroit Narcotics Squad. He came to me one day and said a month and three days ago you did this, you gave so and so this, you did that. I had no opportunity, I didn't do that, and I had no opportunity to construct a defense. But I know what was going on all along, and it was a conspiracy by these people, Warner Stringfellow, Vahan Kapagian and Joseph Brown and the rest of them to frame me on this case, and to bring me right here, and on two marijuana cigarettes, and say I gave them to them, and then let the rest of you who are in it with them manufacture this whole case and bring me here.

The punishment I have received already in the two and a-half years since this case started is cruel and unusual, if I had committed the crime of possessing two marijuana cigarettes. And everyone who is taking part of this is guilty of violating the United States Constitution and violating my rights and everyone else that's concerned. And to take me and put me in a pig sty like the Wayne County Jail for the weekend is a cruel and unusual punishment, to sleep on the floor, to have no sheets, no blankets, pig swill to eat. You see, but you can get away with this and you can continue—I don't know what sentence you are going to give me, it's going to be ridiculous whatever it is. And I am going to continue to fight it. The people are going to continue to fight because this isn't justice. There is nothing just about this, there is nothing just about these courts, nothing just about these vultures over here.

THE COURT: One more word out of the crowd and I will clear the courtroom.

THE DEFENDANT: Right. And that will continue in the tradition that's been established here. I am not done, but no sense talking anymore.

MR. RAVITZ: If your Honor please, Mr. Sinclair is 27 years of age, he is married, he has one child in the audience today, two years of age. A beautiful child, she is there. His wife is pregnant. He's lived in the State of Michigan all his life. He has three prior convictions, two are for marijuana. In each instance he pled guilty. It was the subject of illegal entrapment by Vahan Kapagian. He was induced, he was seduced, he was led by Kapagian to be an intermediary to a transaction which the major person on both sides of the transaction were, of course, not charged with an offense. John Sinclair stands convicted in Oakland County of assaulting a police officer, of assaulting a person who assaulted him. He's been given a sentence of 30 days in that case, which is on appeal. The Court knows something about the history of cases involving alleged assaults upon police officers where the alleged assailants were persons of the nature of John Sinclair.

If there are two crimes in this country which are political prosecutions, they are in one instance those of claimed assaults against police officers, and in another instance, those cases which can be proved easily by fabricated stories and not easily disproved by citizens, namely, offenses such as the one before this court.

John Sinclair has another pending case. That pending case is an oddity in the annals of jurisprudence in this country or anywhere else. That case is for violation of the Federal Law, which is on its face palpably unconstitutional. It stated as many as twelve years ago in the case of Lamberg v. California by the Supreme Court, I wonder who it was who came up with the clever notion of saying that John Sinclair is a criminal because he kept a business engagement in another state, in Canada, and went across the line not registering as a person convicted of a narcotic offense. Who else has been charged with that case, and when and who is behind that case? I wonder? But one need not wonder, one need only look. The community's attitude and the establishment's attitude and the narcotic officer's attitude and the unmitigated power which they have to exercise. The only way that power can be checked is by having an independent judiciary. The only way that power can be checked is by having jurors who aren't going to be servants to police state power, that are going to stand as a bulwark against the improper exercise of that power. And we don't have that in America today. We didn't have that in this court this past week, and that's regrettable.

In America, which has never known anything but the history of racism and in America which practices those imperialistic and those brutalistic and inhumane wars in Asia and elsewhere around the globe, and in America which sends a man to the moon while millions of its citizens starve, John Sinclair is brought before this Court and he is said to be a criminal. He isn't a criminal, he isn't a criminal at all. The criminals with respect to this law are the doctors, the legislatures, the attorneys who know, who know because they have knowledge that these laws are unconstitutional. That these laws defy all knowledge of science. That this sumptuary legislation, are on the books to go after and to oppress politically unpopular people and groups and minorities. That's the only reason they are on the books.

This very day, twenty-five percent of the future doctors of America who are studying at Wayne State University Medical School have possessed marijuana. Twenty-five percent of the future lawyers, indeed future judges, who will be sitting on that bench someday, have possessed and have smoked marijuana.

THE COURT: That's your opinion.

MR. RAVITZ: That's my opinion.

THE DEFENDANT: That's fact.

MR. RAVITZ: My opinion and based on studies.

Persons brought before the bar of the court aren't middle class, aren't the popular, they are the oppressed. They are the unpopular. It's a terrible law, it's a criminal law. I know that the Court might not agree with my evaluation of it. I know and ask and hope for only this, your honor. I think the Court has been involved in enough of these cases to know that the law, itself, whether it's unconstitutional per se, is a cruel law, and isn't a law that is properly and fairly dispensed. I know that the Court, and I hope that the Court recognizes that the two cigarettes in this case were really—the officers in this case really had utter disregard for John Sinclair. They never treated him as a human being to whom the Constitution extended itself. What I really hope the Court recognizes is that other judges and other persons of this society charged with responsibilities come to recognize is that America cannot single out unpopular leaders and go into their arsenal of over-kill, be it through stone or rifles, or highly punitive sentences and think that the problems in this country can never be solved in that fashion. Yet all around this country we see political prosecutions. We see the Tommie Haydens, we see the Huey Newtons, the John Sinclairs singled out, and somewhere in the warped minds of those so-called leaders, they think that they are going to stem the tide of revolution by picking out leaders. Well, they are simply not going to do so, because leaders are no longer indispensable in this country. Because there are a great many people who are awake to the crimes and atrocities committed by governments, and because it simply cannot work. The only way to deal with it is to deal with it rationally, to deal with is constitutionally, and to follow those laws written by those legislatures. And I would ask that the Court do just that. And I would ask that the Court insulate itself from public pressures which I recognize to be very weighty. But to be equally irrational. Those are the same public pressures that lead to all those acts that called for the conclusions brought forward in the Kerner Commission Report. And yet those conclusions haven't been acted on in anyway by government.

I hope that this Court in particular begins to act upon them by exercising some degree of rational thought process, and by recognizing the reality of the situation.

Thank you.

THE COURT: Well, in this matter here, Mr. Sinclair was arrested in January, 1967, in connection with an offense that took place on December 22, 1966. It is interesting to me that he, and you, assert that he has been violated of his constitutional rights, because all the rights he's entitled to, as any citizen is under the constitution have been asserted in his defense.

In addition to that, there have been appeals to the Court of Appeals, to the Michigan Supreme Court on his behalf, which have held up the trial of this case for a long and lengthy period of time.

Now, Mr. Sinclair is not on trial and never was on trial in this courtroom because of his beliefs. He represents a person who has deliberately flaunted and scoffed at the law. He may think that there is nothing wrong with the use of narcotics, as many people think that there is nothing wrong with the use of narcotics. Although an enlightened and intelligent people think to the contrary, and otherwise. And medical studies back them up far more completely than they do the people on his side of the particular question.

The public has recognized that the use of narcotics is dangerous to the people that use it. The public, through its legislature has set penalties for those who violate and traffic in narcotics. Now, this man started in 1964, in which he first came to the attention of this court, and upon the offense of possession of narcotics, on a plea of guilty, was placed upon probation. We have tried to understand John Sinclair, we have tried to reform and rehabilitate John Sinclair.

In 1966, while still on probation for that offense, he committed another offense for which he pled guilty. And this court again showed supreme leniency to John Sinclair, placing him on probation again, while ordering him to serve the first six months thereof in the Detroit House of Correction.

This placed him in violation of his other probation which resulted in that judge extending that probation on again, so that for you or John Sinclair to assert that the law has been out to get him is sheer nonsense. John Sinclair has been out to show that the law means nothing to him and to his ilk. And that they can violate the law with impunity, and the law can't do anything about it.

Well, the time has come. The day has come. And you may laugh, Mr. Sinclair, but you will have a long time to laugh about it. Because it is the judgment of this Court that you, John Sinclair, stand committed to the State Prison at Southern Michigan, at Jackson, or such other institution as the Michigan Corrections Commission may designate for a minimum term of not less than 9-½ nor more than 10 years. The Court makes no recommendation upon the sentence other than the fact that you will be credited for the two days you spent in the County Jail.

Now, as to bond, in view of the fact that Mr. Sinclair shows a propensity and a willingness to further commit the same type of offenses while on bond, and I am citing you to the case of the People v. Vita Giacalone just decided by the Michigan Court of Appeals, this is one instance where there is a likelihood of that type of danger and which the Court of Appeals said that refusal to set bond is a good grounds. And based on that and my belief that he will continue to violate the law, and flaunt the law in relation to narcotics, I deny bond pending appeal.

THE DEFENDANT: You just exposed yourself even more. And people know that. You gave somebody 9½ to 10 years. . .

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a book review

An American Melodrama

by john sinclair

AN AMERICAN MELODRAMA: The Presidential Campaign 1968, By Lewis Chester, Godfrey Hodgson, and Bruce Page: Viking Press, 1969: 814 pages.

By JOHN SINCLAIR, political prisoner

"For example when they knew we were running a pig, they put an armed guard on the pig in the zoo. It just made them look ridiculous because we felt they were."

—Paul Krassner, quoted in The Walker Report

For millions of young people in America today almost all the weird actions of official American culture are ridiculous, especially anything having to do with "politics" and "politicians." The government is something that's just there, menacing the people, something to be afraid of. Kids try to stay out of the government's way, but it depends on young blood to keep it going and can't do without us, and it sends the slimy tentacles of "law and order"—the long arm[s] of the law—down into our houses and streets and ballrooms and wherever else we hang out to snatch us up out of our scenes and bring us down to where they can deal with us, i.e. make us do what they want us to do. And if we refuse, they run us through their kangaroo courts and send us to their prisons, where they can keep us brought down if nothing else.

The government, and straight society in general, seems *monolithic* to a lot of kids, and really to most of the people as well. "You can't fight city hall," is a slogan you still hear from a lot of people's parents and they mean it. Or the way young dudes will split for Canada to get away from the army, or else just go calmly when they're called for a physical, and pass it, and get inducted, and just go along with the program, because they can't see any way to get around it. It's so big and powerful, the human being lawnmower, and it can chop you down so easy if you don't cooperate and become a blade yourself.

Besides, it's so much of a hassle to try to change it, it's so much easier just to do your own thing and try to stay out of its way, get high and go to the ballroom and forget about all that politics bullshit because it's such a drag, man, and nobody really knows where to start to try to deal with that monster anyway. All we know is that it's the government, city hall, the army, the narcs, all of these agencies—the FBI, CIA—and more all combined in a huge monolithic conspiracy aimed at perpetuating and protecting itself and its lifestyle and gobbling the rest of us up if we get in the way.

Well, it seems to me there are two good ways to deal with a berserk machine: you can smash it by brute force—throw rocks into the blades—if you're strong enough, or you can just shut it off. You can shut it off by studying its mechanical structure and its power sources and then just flip the switch. Because any machine, no matter how big it is, is only made up of a lot of little parts put together according to a master scheme, and once its plugged in [provided it's oiled regularly and continuously fueled] it operates itself until it's shut off.

The government is the same way: it was set up a long time ago and it's been running ever since, except the parts that make up the machine have decreased in quality [like a dollar used to be silver, now it's paper, a quarter's made of copper or some cheap shit] and they're using some low-grade re-usable bulk oil to keep it lubricated, and they're still chugging along even though the dirt road they started on has been transformed into a 2000-lane expressway. The mechanics don't know what they're doing any more, and all the manuals are years out of date, but they try to keep up their front by projecting their fantasies of modernity out through their television cameras and newspapers, and they expect people to keep on buying their promises of a model change even though they're just giving out the same old shit, and the prices are really the only thing that changes, and they just get higher every year.

AN AMERICAN MELODRAMA is a huge book, "juicy with information" as Lord Buckley used to say, written by three British reporters from the London Times, and it deals with all the major aspects of the Presidential campaign of 1968 from the inside. The authors don't have a revolutionary analysis—they're honks too—but they do tell the story simply and effectively, and their book can provide revolutionaries with a lot of interesting and very useful information.

It's like an automobile manual tells you how a car is built and how it runs, and you can study the manual and learn not only how to operate it but how to take it apart, what holds it together, what fuels the engine, stuff like that. The book breaks the monolith down into its parts, its cogs and "nuts and bolts" and shows how the inner workings of this particular machine are far from being in tune. The book will eliminate in the reader that sense of awe that a lot of us have when we think about the government and what can be done about it, and one thing this book makes very clear is that the change we want will not come about through the "electoral process" or through hoping that the "responsible men" in power in America will suddenly experience a change of life and start serving the needs of the people. Even the "noblest" candidates in last year's "race" are revealed in this book as either arrogant fools or ruthless political manipulators, and the others are shown as precisely the crooks that they are.

One overwhelming impression is the feeling that none of the people involved in presidential or "electoral" politics on the state and national level have any idea of what they are "running" for. To "Serve The People" seems to be a naive phrase is never heard in American politics—or if someone uses it you can tell by their actions and other statements that they're just being cynical. The whole ruse of "voting" and "nominating candidates" and "electing" "representatives of the people"—except on the local level, in a small town or county—is a travesty, a bigger and meaner joke than even the so-called "legal" system because it affects more people more directly in their everyday lives. The politicians are power-hungry front-men for the industrial and other financial interests operating in their locales, and it seems that most politicians run for one office only to use it as a stepping-stone to a higher, more lucrative, and more powerful office. Fuck the people, or I should say Rape the people, is their scene, and then they carry on about how they want to make everything better for the voters.

When it gets down to it, the voters do not really ever have a choice, except between voting for the machine candidates or not voting at all. The politicians with the biggest backers, with the most money to spend on television ads and the most jobs to give out to their supporters, are the politicians who will end up "running" for office. Even the "people's choice" type candidates, like McCarthy purported to be, have to submit to the same money-raising system and the same promise-making and -delivering syndrome in order to get anywhere in the political world. The whole thing sucks shit like a dog, and people who know it the most are also the ones who don't get the chance to "vote" even if they wanted to carry out their role in the melodrama, and even though their lives are affected by the politicians even more than anyone else's, because the youth have to succumb to the laws created by the legislators and judges who have been "elected" in a process the youth have been systematically excluded from, and fight the wars that the legislators and officials have made up, and always, if you don't want to go along with the program you can either go to jail or split or make up a new program and organize your forces to bring it into effect, as many youth are doing now.

In 1968 the youth movement was starting to make its demands widely known: "An immediate end to the War in Vietnam . . .the abolition of the military draft. . . An end to the cultural and economic domination of minority groups. . .The legalization of marijuana and all other psychedelic drugs. . .A prison system based on the concept of rehabilitation rather than punishment. . .The total disarmament of all the people beginning with the police. . . The abolition of money. . .A conservation program geared toward preserving our natural resources and committed to the elimination of pollution of our crowded cities . . .Free birth control information and devices and also abortions when desired. . . student power to determine his course of study. . .The free and open use of the media. . .An end to all censorship. . .We believe that people should fuck all the time, anytime, whomever they wish. . .a national referendum system conducted via television or a telephone voting system. . .a program that encourages and promotes the arts. . ." [Program of Youth International Party 1968, as quoted in The Walker Report]. None of the candidates, with the beautiful exception of Eldridge Cleaver, spoke to any of these needs and desires in any basic and sincere sense, but there were some pretensions at response during the campaign and at times it seemed that at least the question of the War in Vietnam would be answered. But by the end of the year the political reactionaries had effectively closed their ranks and united behind their standardbearers Hubert Horatio Humphrey and Richard "1952" Nixon, who wanted to restore the country to the quiet efficient emptiness of the Eisenhower Era of his dreams.

In between the start and finish of the campaign a lot of weird shit went down: McCarthy was convinced to run for the Democratic nomination on an anti-war platform when the people who finally talked him into it couldn't convince Bobby Kennedy to take the chance; McCarthy started pulling like 80% of the Democratic votes in primaries with no machine behind him and little money, which convinced chicken-shit Kennedy to risk his 1972 chances and run himself; Lyndon Johnson got the people's message and pulled out [to "save face" as usual], then put his boy Hubie in his own place, pulled all the party strings to get Hubie the party's nomination despite the people's absolute revulsion and then dictated Hubie's terms throughout the campaign; the FBI got rid of Martin Luther King on April 5th when he finally started dealing with the causes of racism and fascism in America and was about to lead a poor people's campaign—black and white together united against the common economic oppressor—to settle on the White House lawn until the capitalists gave up; the next day the Oakland [California] police murdered Bobby Hutton [Minister of Finance, Black Panther Party] in cold blood and shot up Eldridge Cleaver, Charles Bursey and some other brothers and stuck Eldridge back in the slam—when he finally got a judge to declare the fact that Cleaver was a political prisoner and set $50,000 bond Eldridge ran for President on the Peace and Freedom Party ticket, which fact is barely mentioned in the book; Bobby Kennedy then got offed like his brother by the CIA who knew their days would soon be over if Bobby were to win the Presidency, even though Kennedy had always been a supercop in office; George Romney tried to run for the Republican nomination but had to pull out when he made the mistake of admitting to the public that he had been brainwashed by the military on the Vietnam situation; Nelson Rockefeller, the real president of America anyway [along with the Fords, duPonts, Motts, and the rest of the moneyed oligarchy that runs the country], decided to try to formalize his position so all the people would know who's the boss, but he was shot down by the party chiefs and the other economic kings who already owned Nixon and knew he would play the game their way; little fool-ass Ronnie Reagan tried to mount his own secret campaign for the Republican nomination by out-Barrying Goldwater with the southern bosses, but Nixon out-flanked Ronnie-baby by buying the South with promises of continued segregation and Spiro T. Agnew and Clement Haynsworth on the Supreme Court, and one Strom Thurmond [described in a sentence in this book as "a man who has been known to speak sympathetically of the possibility of military rule in the United States"] emerged as Nixon's alter ego; and, in Chicago, the most important event of the whole year, and probably of the whole decade, took place, although the politicians and straight people in general still don't know how important Chicago in the last part of August 1968 was to the future of America and the world.

Because in Chicago the revolution was born. Chicago was the end of the American dream and the beginning of reality for the nation's dope-crazed youth. Thousands of young white middle-class dropouts and other kids came their to do their little protest movement thing and flash V's and cry 'Peace! Love!' and all, and they were beaten down in the streets like niggers at the command of the Mayor of Chicago and the President of the United States, not to mention the largest part of the official Democratic Party. In Chicago the ugly monster of American fascism took off its mask and started kicking ass indiscriminately, striking out at everyone and everything in its way. It took off its mask in front of its own totalitarian cameras and whupped the cameramen, and in doing that exposed itself as the mindless, stupid, senseless, brutal beast that it is, and even after the initial rush wore off and it shamefacedly tried to cover up its lustful orgy, the people who had been exposed to the beast in all its repulsive nakedness would never forget its ugliest moment, would never believe its horrible lies and phony promises again. Millions of

[Continued on Page 27.]

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WHO'S A-PRESSIN' WHO?

By JOHN BRYAN

from the *Berkeley Tribe*

Eldridge Cleaver calls it "pussy power" but to some 300 less-slang-oriented Bay Area ladies [they don't like the word "chick" either], their current "revolution within the revolution" is known as Women's Liberation.

Exactly what they seek to achieve in their current drive—which seems more directed against their Movement bed partners than the outer, more oppressive Establishment—is, as yet, something of a mystery.

Hard-edged questions about their goals and about the kind of new balance they wish to achieve between the sexes draw extremely hazy answers.

But the dialectic flows swift and angry when you ask the ladies about their specific gripes against men and when you try to define just what ARE the current truce conditions in the unending war between the sexes.

The first words that come out are generally "male chauvinism," "oppression of women," "making women sex objects," and "treating us like whores."

More specific gripes. . .those which have to do with the possessive characteristics of most man-woman liaisons and the gross and obvious job discrimination and underpayment now suffered by women throughout capitalistic society. . .also come on hard and true. No one who has ever taken a candid look at the manner in which the giant corporations fatten themselves on underpaid women could possibly disagree with them.

And no man who has ever been married or lived for a period of time with a lady of spirit and intelligence could find much to argue about in the list of domestic grievances which Women's Liberation presents like the Neighbor Lady who is the Main Witness in Divorce Court. They sound all too familiar. They are exactly the same as the more serious and abiding complaints my own wife of eight years has laid upon me each time I let intellectual and spiritual laziness [and the culturally instilled bad habits of male bravado] enter into our own constantly changing and evolving relationship.

But when it gets down to some of their more dogmatic attitudes toward sexual literature. . .especially in those newly-liberated areas called pornography. . .I can't help but compare the attitudes of these very determined and brave young women with those prejudices held by their narrow, prudish, extremely conservative grandmothers in Grand Rapids and South Bend and Sioux City.

"It's disgusting. Horrible. Burn it. Jail the pornographers." says grandmother. And Liberated Granddaughter, too.

A very dangerous set of attitudes. And one that bears a good deal of looking into.

Especially THIS week as San Francisco Women's Liberation ladies are going about loudly congratulating themselves on how they squelched. . .and burned. . .that Horrible, Licentious, absolutely PORNOGRAPHIC new newspaper that would have been called the San Francisco Review of Books and Sex.

Book burning. . .no matter what excuse or who does it. . .is probably the most dangerous sport playable in a society where the ruling class is constantly advocating the destruction of literature that criticizes their privileged position and the jailing-garroting-and-stoning of those artists, writers, editors and publishers who disagree with them.

American radicals have spent more than 150 years [beginning with Peter Zenger] defending the principle of free, uncensored writing and publishing and going to jail [and their graves] in an unending fight to destroy the last vestiges of censorship. Underground editors who have suffered dozens of "obscenity" busts in the last few years [largely because of the political content of their papers] can tell you vividly how ANY kind of censorship can be used to destroy those who dare speak out against the establishment.

It has long been an American radical tradition that in the free marketplace of ideas every man [no matter WHAT his beliefs] has the right to be heard and to publish. And that the more significant, honorable publications will invariably triumph over self-agrandizing, narrow, insignificant sheets which will, invariably, fall in upon themselves of their own rottenness.

So when a little group of partisans. . .no matter WHAT their motives. . .set themselves up as censors with the God-Given-Right to alter and destroy ideas and images they do not APPROVE of, there is no person, no movement, no publication which is safe from an inevitable swarm of witch hunters.

Having gotten all these highly-opinionated ideas off my chest, I feel that I should add that the confrontation last Sept. 21 between some 25 San Francisco Women's Liberation chicks [oops, I forgot I can't use that word. . .they say] and two of the S.F. Sex Review publishers [David Goldstein and Gordon Bishop] is undoubtedly one of the funniest, most surreal, Gilbert-and-Sullivanish events seen in recent times in the Bay Area.

But you'll need a little background to understand what happened.

About a year ago, a daring [if somewhat tasteless] sex tabloid called "Screw" hit the New York newsstands. It sold by the gross and its publishers [who were almost immediately busted for "obscenity"] were quickly imitated by such other publications as "Kiss" and "New York Review of Sex and Politics" [an artistically superior product].

The new semi-pornie tabloids quickly captured the Dirty Old Man portion of the New York underground newspaper readership and made a fortune. Elsewhere in the country, ambitious men took heed and soon plans were afoot for the San Francisco Review of Books and Sex.

Around August, David Goldstein, a 24-year-old transplanted Baltimore photographer, and Steve Diamond, also 24 and one of the original members of Liberation News Service, began planning a paper [the S.F. Sex Review] and set up a publishing entity called "Digit."

It was to be a non-profit corporation with the proceeds going to movement projects. . .especially the nearly foundering Dock of the Bay newspaper for which David worked as a photographer.

Goldstein and Diamond were rapidly joined by other creative young men including Gordon Bishop, a 23-year-old New York poet who brought a wide range of verse to the sex tabloid.

Although the paper was planned in front as a money-maker, the nature of its rather-far-out publishers quite rapidly transformed it into an interesting experiment in graphics and writing.

"We wanted to make money, sure," said David, a tall, bushy-haired young man who quite seriously thinks of himself as a revolutionary. "We wanted to bring together the elements of a very successful magazine. But we were consciously trying to make it not TOO groovy. Despite that, it was more reflective of hip culture than the New York sex papers.

"I thought of myself as a sort of pirate engaged in a rip-off of the middle class economy. And I thought a dirty paper was truly reflective of America as it is now but it has got to be REALLY dirty to be accurate."

"We planned 15,000 copies of the first issue for distribution entirely in California. We borrowed $1500 from a friend to pay the printer. We knew we'd be busted almost immediately. . .although we planned to stay as anonymous as possible. The printer took one look at it and delayed publication two weeks until we brought him a legal paper relieving him of all responsibility. We expected a bust of the publishers, but didn't think they could stop distribution so that the movement would have made a stack of money no matter what happened. We hoped papers like Dock of the Bay could then be given away free."

The printer [Waller Press] had scheduled publication of the new sex review for 8 a.m. Monday, Sept. 22.

"On the afternoon of Sunday, Sept. 21, about 18 hours before we were finally scheduled to publish, the shit hit the fan with Women's Liberation," recalled Goldstein, shuddering a bit.

I got the other side of the story of what preceded the Sept. 21 confrontation from two Women's Liberation ladies and from a six-page mimeographed statement Women's Lib put out boasting about their "action."

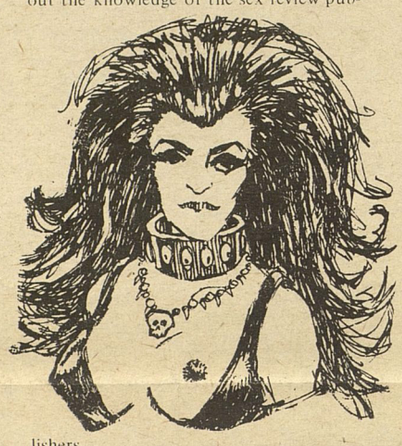
It appears that Dock of the Bay was once asked to openly support the sex review but declined after its female-dominated staff voted no. Nevertheless, several male D of the B staffers decided to work on the sex paper and D of the B ran a back page ad for the sex review early in September.

The pissed-off female D of the B staffers complained about the situation to their friends in Women's Lib. These sisters decided they had the RIGHT to go into Waller Press and steal the flats [paste-up sheets from which the lithographic copy negatives are shot].

The decision followed a lot of soul searching, says the Women's Lib background sheet.

"Our anger was so great that it would not let us sit back and accept another insult," says the mimeo publication. "Even though we had little hope of keeping the magazine from being printed, we had to direct our anger at its creators instead of letting our rage devour us."

So they tried a ploy at Waller, attempting to get the paste-up sheets away without the knowledge of the sex review publishers.



Failing at that, they decided to call Goldstein and "told him we would like to talk to him about his project and he agreed to come to our house on Sunday at 1 p.m."

When Goldstein didn't show, five Women's Lib ladies drove down to the Dock of the Bay offices and found him there. They got him to join them in a car for a ride over to an already-called regulas San Francisco Women's Liberation meeting where some 25 sisters were expected. As Goldstein tells the story:

"They got me into this car. I'm rapping about how the sex review will make money for the movement. We start off with only a few women but we stop off here and there picking up a few more each time. Pretty soon I'm completely surrounded by these really pissed-off chicks and I start to lose my voice."

After arriving at the Women's Liberation meeting, the ladies did not ASK Goldstein to cancel publication of the sex review. They ordered him to do it. [Although none of them had ever seen any of the pages of the newspaper, had ever seen a list of its contents, had ever read any of it.]

"I could see this hassle would end any chance we might have of putting out the paper and getting it distributed before the pigs busted us," said Goldstein, "so I acquiesced. I was scared. I've always been weak that way."

He sent a telegram to Waller Press cancelling publication and then called his partner Gordon Bishop because "Gordon is stronger than I am. I needed some support. . .some way out."

Bishop, a rather yeasty individual, told the ladies over the phone that they were "the Lunatic Fringe of the Menstrual Cramp Movement"—and promised to come right down.

He arrived and allegorically described his confrontation with Women's Liberation as follows:

"As I enter this chick wearing a baseball hat and laden down with spectacles starts coming across the room at me.

" 'You're the oppressor,' she says.

" 'I'm not the oppressor,' I answer.

" 'You're the oppressor,' she says.

" 'I'm not the oppressor,' I answer.

" 'You're the oppressor,' she says and she's a LOT closer.

" 'OK. I'm the oppressor,' I say.

"But she keeps coming so I wheel and pull out my machete and cut her through the T-shirt to discover that her tits are solid steel."

A really nasty argument followed with Bishop finally retreating as a friend held back the ladies from the door he had left through. Another confrontation soon followed and David and Gordon finally agreed to assassinate their pirate sex review.

The next morning the ladies finally obtained the sex review paste-up sheets from Waller and burned them. As their mimeo release describes the event:

"The photos and especially the stories were more horrifying than we imagined . . .We thought we could get great satisfaction out of burning the magazine but we were so disgusted by what we saw that we couldn't even enjoy the fire."

Just what were these "disgusting" contents in the first San Francisco Review of Books and Sex?

Goldstein gave us a partial list:

Rather arty nude photographs by a number of Bay Area photographers [including Goldstein], drawings by several well known San Francisco artists, Susan Lydon's Women's-Liberation-oriented article "The Myth of Vaginal Orgasm," portions of Bob Crumb's Snatch Comics, Ed Sanders' "Great Pentagon Hunching Contest" which described the October, 1967 sexual assault on the Pentagon, a portion of a novel called "A Little Angel to Fuck," a satiric interview with David Rosenberg on how he founded topless dancing in San Francisco ["It was very funny and really put Rosenberg down, but the Women's Lib ladies just didn't see it," said Goldberg.], a selection of erotic Cherokee Indian petry, the short story "Skinny Dynamite" by the beat poet Jack Micheline.

So the ladies destroyed the Dirty Magazine and are now boasting about their action. Why did they do it? Why were they so outraged about a new sex paper. Are they against ALL sex literature?

["They want clean hands and pure minds," said Rosenberg. . ."They want to pop the pimples on Andy Warhol's back and then shoot him through the neck," said Bishop.]

We asked two members of Women's Liberation whether or not ALL sex literature was objectionable to them.

"Anything that makes a woman a sexual object in the context of this society is objectionable," said a rather tight-lipped young brunette who lives with an active member of the movement.

"The whole question of romance covers the fact of male supremacy," said a really lovely 23-year-old blonde who lives with a well known San Francisco radical writer.

"The romance of being in love, of admiring a man, of his being the whole end of the world so to speak. . .it's a beautiful way of saying a very ugly thing," she continued.

"I don't think there is a problem here that a man can understand," said the first lady. "He's so seldom made a sex OBJECT. I don't think he really can understand a woman's sexual drive."

I asked if either of them could imagine any kind of sex literature which would NOT be offensive to liberated women.

"I don't think there could be such a thing," said the blonde. "Even in sex the woman gets fucked over."

I asked if the tight-lipped brunette could imagine any kind of photograph of a naked body which would not be objectionable. She pointed to an old lithograph on the wall. It was an extremely sedat 19th Century reproduction of three from a well. Entirely sexless and quite acceptable in Des Moines and Grand Rapids.

I asked the ladies whether or not they saw the comic overtones to their recent confrontation with the Dirty Young Pornographers.

"Some of us DID think it was a bit funny," said the rather soft-mannered young blonde.

"Not at all," said the stern brunette. "Men have NEVER taken women seriously."

I tried to continue the conversation along this line but the pleasant young blonde got up and headed for the kitchen.

She still had to wash the dinner dishes.

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Goin' Up Country to see ken kesey

By DAVID SCHANOES

I

We didn't hear the rumors until we reached San Francisco. Driving up from Monterey along 101 to Santa Cruz; stuffing ourselves full of fresh crab and smoked albacore and cheddar cheese [aged two years], giggling along the road with food falling all over us. I sit in front trying to figure out how to make a necklace out of these here crab claws I hold in my hand. Dean sits in back looking for his headband [being honest to god half indian, half crazy]. Steve drives tight-lipped, gotta keep this here car moving down that great big old highway in the sky routine. That night in Monterey we slept on the beach next to the OCEAN, believe it or not, you landlocked Midwesterners, the ocean never ever gets calm; never, all day and night it crashes on the beach releasing the smells from past centuries. When we wake up we see the gulls circling over us. But we got to move on down that great highway to the City. Once you get past Iowa, San Francisco is known reverently as the City.

Up past Santa Cruz where we eat lunch on the beach and wonder if there is such a thing as an ugly girl in the whole goddam state. I doubt it. They all have legs and boobs and hair and Jesus Christ they either act like alienated angels or golden girls and there ain't no in between. Go out there and wow em baby Mr. Ziegfield /Holden Caulfield [pick one] is in the audience.

Back in the car and driving into the City. My hands clenched tight together from all the nervous excitement. I'm afraid I might lose control and rip off my clothes right in the middle of the freeway. Welcome to the City. Four weeks and four thousand miles. I'm comin home to my city by the bay. Too fuckin much. Far fuckin out. Fucking psychedelic. Dean and I are in hysterics screaming and yelling out the window. Steve is convinced we have lost it completely; can you imagine that—hip-groovers? Us? Lose it? Too fucking much!

We drive up to Cole St. about six blocks from the Straight Theater to stay with an old friend, but he's not there and we wait. I call this old girlfriend who got married and moved to the City, and she tells me first—the rumor, that is.

She tells me that this is all rumor, you know, because HE won't say anything for sure one way or the other, but she heard that there was a fight in Oregon, on Kesey's farm. Two guys got loaded or something and tried to rip off the farm and nobody would help Kesey fight these guys, not one of forty, so in the best Randle Patrick McMurphy/Hank Stamper tradition he takes care of the two [I even imagine him having both hands tied behind his back] and then gets so pissed that he throws all forty people off the farm. And do you believe that? In a word, NO. And what are you going to do? What if he won't let you live there. I'll become a bat and live in a church. Right about then I stop speeding and crumple to the bottom of the phone booth. Coming to rest with my elbow stuck neatly in a fresh pile of dog shit. Welcome to the City.

Jesus Christ, says old Blackfoot Dean. Jesus H. Fucking Christ. Jesus Christ, some day some day that fucking little runty body of yours is just gonna explode and your brains will be all over the Rockies. Jesus H. Christ. Shaking his head, don't ever ever take dope, don't take nothing, don't even read a dirty book.

Steve wants to know what happened. I tell him and he mutters something about it figures and spits on the sidewalk and walks back to Cole Street.

The more we walk the more depressed I get thinking about the farm. Kesey, the other half of Dostoevsky, and even if he isn't a communist, he's Ken Kesey. Kesey wrote his books stoned on mescaline and acid; before I ever even heard of weed. You mean he wrote those books stoned? Stoned! Stoned! on Acid! Kesey, who went through electro-shock therapy three times just so he'd know what it was like. Kesey and the Pranksters and Owsley and the Dead and California.

And in July I decided that due to circumstances beyond my control I must leave and so I call up Mr. Kesey in Pleasant Hills, Oregon. Because I know he has an 80 acre farm there and I ask him if it would be OK if I came out there and worked.

What type of work?

On the land, like plowing and clearing and fixing fences.

Yeah, hey great. Yeah, as long as you really want to work.

Which of course I really did.

And bring some friends.

Well, knocked on my ass is not quite strong enough. Me and Ken, Dean and Ken, Steve and Ken.

But the fact is that no one lives on the farm anymore except Ken and his blood family. Pleasant Hills is 700 miles away. I climb up to twin peaks and watch the fog roll in. I'm upset because I. . .it's just not fair.

But Dean all in a rush, his Indian Blood up and rushing through his eyes. If you look hard enough you can see his guts churning right behind the pupils. Almost furious trapped in his contradiction of fear and desire.

Look Look maybe I'm stupid but I just talked to, you know, and I have to go back.

Back?

To Ann Arbor because I'm in Love. LOVE.

So we take him to the airport and in four hours he retraces four weeks.

And that leaves me and Steve. Wrong. That leaves me and that leaves Steve. Because there is too much tension between us to be handled. Suure.

That night I. . .wait a minute son, have some of this here destroyer weed and relax. Sit yourself right down here and take a nice heavy toke of this here joint, never mind them old troubles, who cares if Mayor Alioto is a crook, what the hell if the police are busting people on North Beach again. So what, this here little stick of magic has been known to heal the sick and raise the dead. Go ahead boy, it's good for you, that's right good for you. Far Fucking out.

Hello—who's this?

Nadine.

Oh, hi, is Ken there?

Yeah, just a second.

Hello.

Ken, uh, this is David—uh, David Schanoes.

Yeah, Hi.

Well, we just got here in San Francisco and we heard that well the rumors here are that no one—you know, can, uh, live on the farm. [Well now just hold your breath—maybe it isn't true.]

Well that's right Ken says, that's right. I'm sorry. But you can visit—that's how we're working it now. But I just want to live here with my family.

Yeah, well, okay—I'm sorry. I mean. .

Well, everybody's trying to make it into this big dramatic thing and get something out of it, but, uhh, well it isn't all that interesting.

Okay, we'll see you in a couple days.

OK.

I leave the booth and walk up Montgomery Street past the Playboy Club where a bunny nails me with just the coldest sneer I've ever gotten, but I suppose now if Your Tits were bound up that tight and your crotch was being rubbed raw right through to your asshole, well maybe it's ok to sneer.

II

Steve and Ed and Karen and Bobby and Cindy and even those old rip off artist smack heads next door are laughing when they see my pack. Seventy-five pounds, that's right, seventy five on a back pack—camping equipment, stove, gas, tennis shoes, tent, sleeping bag, and clothes, because I plan to make old Eugene, Oregon, my home. Sure. And up 101 to Crescent City and across to Highway 5 and straight through to Eugene and I have no idea how long it will take to get up there ALONE. I know I can carry it 1-2 maybe five miles if I have to. They laugh. Suuuurre.

That morning grey and cold in San Francisco, the first ride comes from a pick up truck [I will learn to love pick up trucks] across the bay to Santa Rosa. The sun climbing high starting to burn off the fog. Me all paranoid about seven hundred unknown miles. Santa Rosa. Santa Rosa is the worst place to hitchhike from, possibly worse than Nebraska. Stay off the freeway, boy, or the Chippies [California Highway Patrol] will nail you. Sometimes they take you in even off the freeway. Sitting under the hot sun, the bay area is the only cool area in the state; several rides later I get up to Ukiah, temp. 97. Grape country. Names like Napa, Sonoma, Medocino, real names for real counties, not just wines. It's just too hot but I eat lunch on the side of the road anyway; two plums, an orange, two bananas, two cans of grapefruit juice. A walking talking UNITED FRUIT. Hot Damn, Guatemala.

People ask about the pack a lot I just says I came from the East. Finally I get a ride with this cat and his wife goin to Seattle movin everything they own in this old microbus American style, V-8 with disc brakes, wood panelling just enough space for me and my pack. Nice people from LA, blond, he's in the navy. Counts the days till he gets out. I tell them I'M a communist. Then why aren't you organizing, comes the answer. Guilty. I just lay down in the back and watch Northern California go by. Ocean and forest. Sea gulls and hot dog stands.

III

Wait a minute, wait. The sky is blue, clear blue, no haze, blue like it is in the Tetons, clear blue like the color of my favorite popsicles when I was a kid. Popsicle blue. Wait a minute. I run to a supermarket and bring back a bag.

Okay Okay Okay, jumping up and down, up and down. OK, wait a minute. Grinning wide OK OK. Jesus Christ. Other people in the gas station look and turn away. OK one for each of us. The bag gives up its contents, apples. Big BIG APPLES. Pass them out. OK OK OK OK one to a customer. apple party, bite in Craack juice squirts out. OK big big grin, smile then hysterical laughter apple juice running all over the goddam place; laughing so hard up and down. GODDAMN. GODAMM. BIG MOTHERFUCKING APPLES GODDAM BIG APPLES. Pieces of the fruit squeeze out from the corners of our collective mouth. GODDAM WE'RE IN GODDAM OREGON.

WE'RE IN OREGON, HOT DAMN, OREGON.

And just drive as fast as you can to Eugene. Oregon, magic ore-gin, colors, blues and greens deep and far as one can see green that floats off the earth and surrounds the sky. Green that is so deep it rocks you to sleep.

Oregon. Un comp re hend ing. In comp re hens ib le.

IV

Eugene. In the Willamette Valley, nestling up the slopes of pine mountains is Eugene-Springfield pop. 100,000—the size of Ann Arbor but totally different. Things are very gentle in Eugene—very little tension between straight and hip young and old, everyone tries not to hurt anybody else's feelings. But the reason for this, this amazing amount of kindness, is Eugene's isolation or apparent isolation, and as such total absence of any sustained organized political action. All those big words that just mean Eugene is trying hard to fight its destiny. That destiny is a loss of isolation. Eugene is no longer a small town. It comprises the second largest urban area in Oregon, plus the University of Oregon, and heavy lumber industry, which is contributing to a growing unemployment problem. Left politics are just emerging from a period of moral indignation and into a period of analysis and action. In the valley, several communes have grown through the summer and now prepare for the winter. The air is soft and wet. Eugene.

Say, can you tell me how far it is to Pleasant Hills?

Hey, are you going to Kesey's farm?

That's right.

Well let me give you my phone number because we live in Springfield, Me and Luther that is, and Luther is a real good friend of Ken's and, well, Ken's in Pendleton for the round-up and won't be back for a couple of days. You know.

This is Joe. Working on a Ph.D. at Oregon, honorably discharged from the Army because he filed CO papers as a second Lt. Lives in Springfield with Luther. Luther who is the great granddaddy of pranksters.

The next morning I call up Springfield and LUTHER, well he comes driving in to get me in a 61 Mercedes. Luther is sixty years old—grey hair and grey mustache, blue eyes with red rims that droop low, like the corners of his mustache. He picks me up that day, friendly as hell. He looks maybe forty.

He explains as we drive.

Well no, you know there wasn't actually no kind of big fight, you know, no that is just not true. But Ken's going through another stage and trying to keep it together. Well, when he got back from Europe, I guess he just got tired, you know, and wanted to be there with his family and, well, everybody pretty much understood. There were lots of problems, no one really worked on the farm or took care of it you know, and pretty soon lots of runaways were coming up and staying there and some people got you know pretty uptight because the DA well we all know him and it was OK until the runaways started coming and all sorts of people who don't do nothing but mooch, well and some of them couldn't function without their dope; and would get pretty nervous if there wasn't enough there.

But say, you know lots of the original Pranksters are around—Hassler and the bunch. Yeah, they're gonna come over tonight to watch this here TV show, you know. He pauses and lights a cigaret. Ken, that boy sure has a mind, just amazing what he can do. But well, none of them, you know, really wanted to work on the farm. And with all the people that he knows it sure gets to be hectic, you know, all the musicians and poets. Ken knows them all. Chuck, now see the farm is really Chuck's you know, and Chuck and Bud are just geniuses; electrical and computers, why those boys scare me sometimes. Once they programmed the steps for a fourth level or something Yoga trance and hooked this guy up to it and it really worked. Jesus Christ they can do anything. They just made a table model machine that checks the bacteria count inside of bottles within five minutes; and now they don't know how much to charge for it and all the companies want it. Ken was talking about making a dairy farm, you know, and making yogurt and cheese. He's just real restless, you know. One night we were all pretty stoned and Ken was trying to figure out some way to make the farm work; it was kind of sad—he needs to be alone for awhile.

We pull up to Luther's house in Springfield and we walk in. Nice suburban type house with records, Records! Music that I haven't heard since being on the road, and the Quicksilver Messenger Service that just blows me away. Joe is there and Luther makes us all sit down and drink some coffee and eat something.

You know, he says, I don't think we ever got over the death of Cassady. You know we never actually found out what happened down there in Mexico, but Cassady, I figure he just wore himself out. He could just drive that bus for days, and sometimes he'd talk for eighteen hours at a stretch—just talk, and then we'd wire him up for sound and tape it. And the things that would tumble out of his mouth. He had this habit of predicting about the road and sometimes he'd say that he'd better slow down because up the road there was this accident he could see about to happen and sure enough around the bend or several miles up we'd

[Continued on Page 28.]

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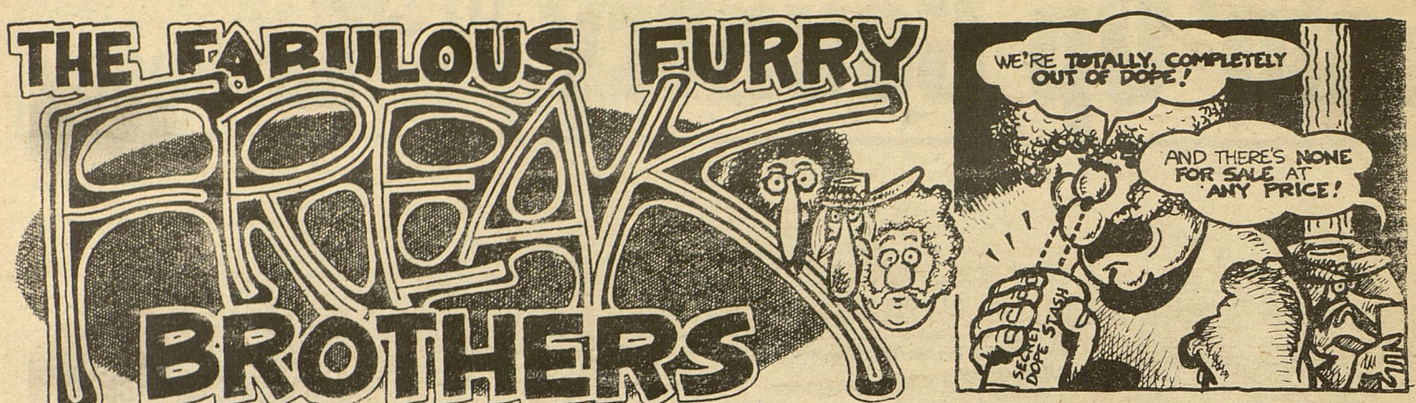
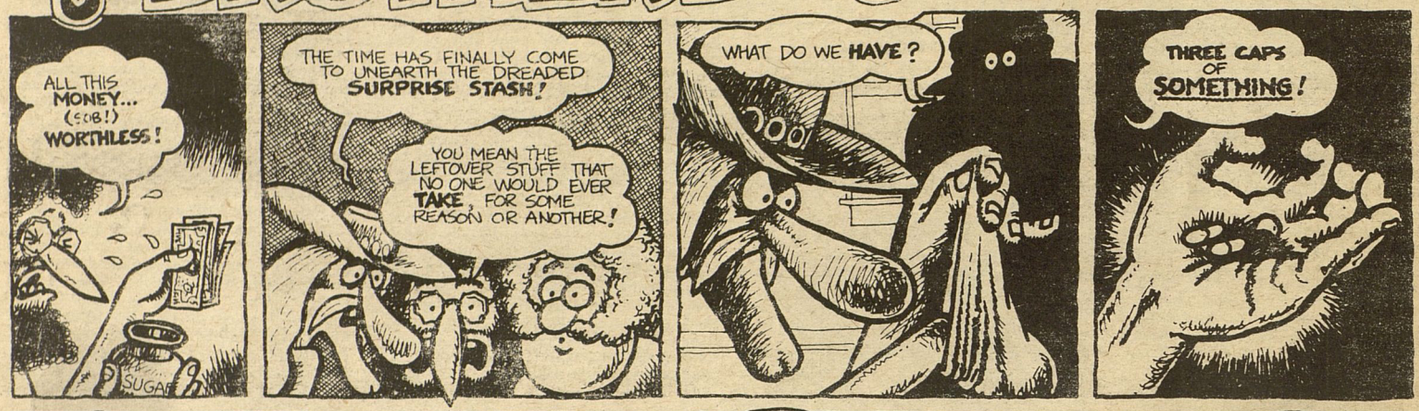
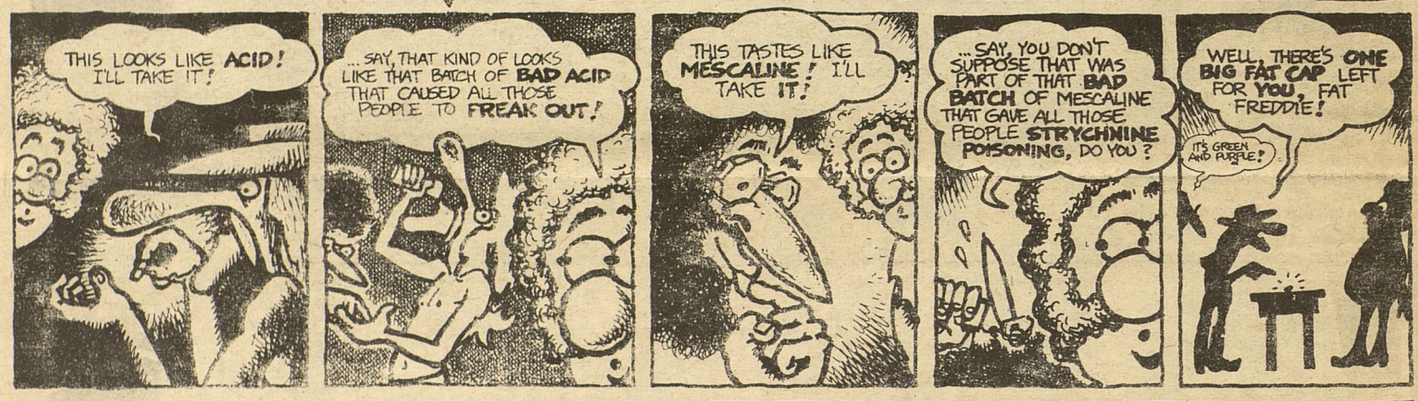
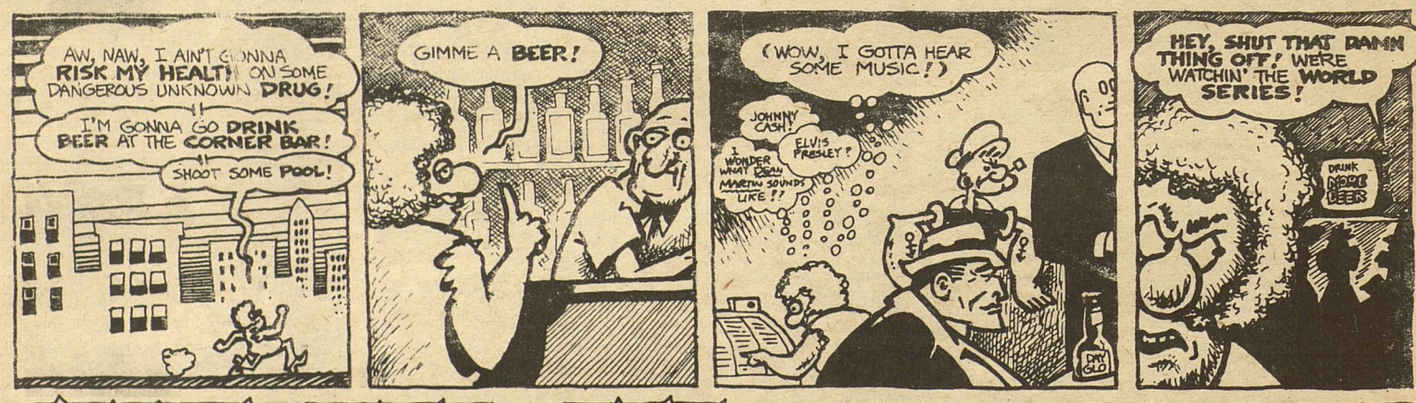
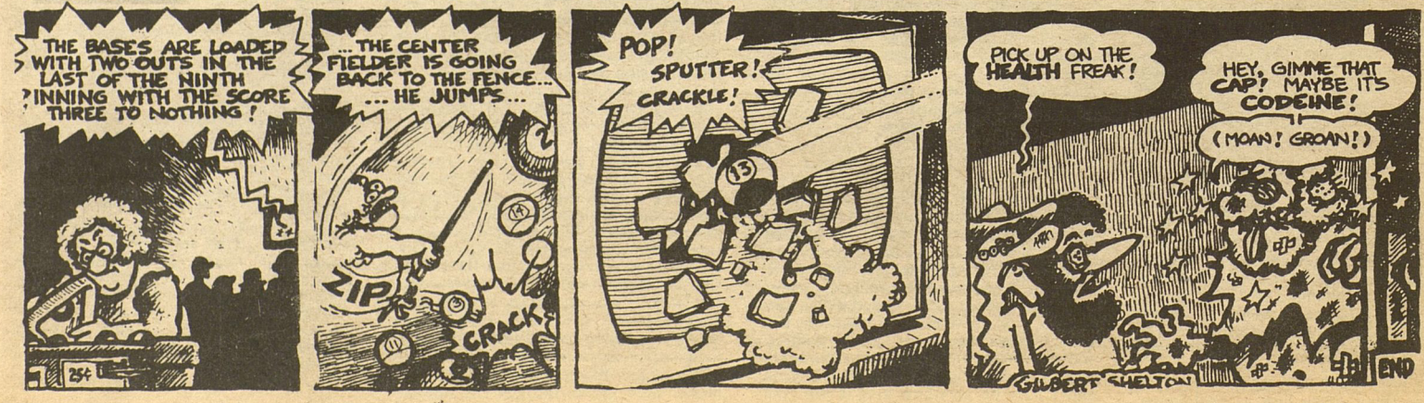
THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS




ALL THIS MONEY... ($10B!) WORTHLESS!
SUGAR
THE TIME HAS FINALLY COME TO UNEARTH THE DREADED SURPRISE STASH!
YOU MEAN THE LEFTOVER STUFF THAT NO ONE WOULD EVER TAKE, FOR SOME REASON OR ANOTHER!
WHAT DO WE HAVE?
THREE CAPS OF SOMETHING!


THIS LOOKS LIKE ACID! I'LL TAKE IT!
...SAY, THAT KIND OF LOOKS LIKE THAT BATCH OF BAD ACID THAT CAUSED ALL THOSE PEOPLE TO FREAK OUT!
THIS TASTES LIKE MESCALINE! I'LL TAKE IT!
...SAY, YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THAT WAS PART OF THAT BAD BATCH OF MESCALINE THAT GAVE ALL THOSE PEOPLE STRYCHNINE POISONING, DO YOU?
WELL, THERE'S ONE BIG FAT CAP LEFT FOR YOU, FAT FREDDIE!
IT'S GREEN AND PURPLE!


AW, NAW, I AIN'T GONNA RISK MY HEALTH ON SOME DANGEROUS UNKNOWN DRUG!
I'M GONNA GO DRINK BEER AT THE CORNER BAR!
SHOOT SOME POOL!
GIMME A BEER!
(WOW, I GOTTA HEAR SOME MUSIC!)
JOHNNY CASH!
ELVIS PRESLEY?
I WONDER WHAT DEAN MARTIN SOUNDS LIKE?!
HEY, SHUT THAT DAMN THING OFF! WE'RE WATCHIN' THE WORLD SERIES!
DRINK MORE BEER


THE BASES ARE LOADED WITH TWO OUTS IN THE LAST OF THE NINTH INNING WITH THE SCORE THREE TO NOTHING!
...THE CENTER FIELDER IS GOING BACK TO THE FENCE... ...HE JUMPS...
ZIP
CRACK
POP!
SPUTTER!
CRACKLE!
PICK UP ON THE HEALTH FREAK!
HEY, GIMME THAT CAP! MAYBE IT'S CODEINE!
(MOAN! GROAN!)
GILBERT SHELTON
END

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[The first major interview in three years]

DYLAN

"I was on the road for almost five years. It wore me down. I was on drugs, a lot of things, just to keep me going. I don't want to live that way any more. I'm just waiting for a better time."

—from the just published Rolling Stone interview

A DOCUMENT OF THE NEW AMERICA

"People up there were saying, 'Boy, that's the second James Joyce,' and 'Jack Kerouac again,' and 'Homer Revisited'—they were all just talking through their heads."

Dylan speaks frankly in his first major interview after three years of retreat. The entire, unedited interview is in the special second anniversary issue of Rolling Stone, the bi-weekly journal of rock and roll music and the new culture. The Dylan Interview is part of our continuing series of documents of the New America. Bob Dylan, Rolling Stone—don't miss them now, the chance may not come again.

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Sinclair Review

[Continued from Page 22.]

young people, and even some parents and machinists, saw what the pig meant when he babbled about "law and order," and the pig signed his own death warrant on the spot. America will never be the same.

[Now, a year later, the beast is still trying to pretend that what its own apologists have described as "a police riot" never took place, that in fact a bunch of draft-resisters and long-haired dope-fiend rock-and-roll maniacs and black revolutionaries and student leaders came over to Chicago expressly to cause a riot, expressly to provoke the police into beating their brothers and sisters into insensibility, expressly to be charged with "conspiracy to cross interstate lines to cause a riot"! But even as our brothers struggle to prove their innocence in the so-called "court of law," the corrupt and evil power structure exposes its naked lust for power and "order" by trampling all over its own "laws" and its own "constitution," and the people are getting wiser and wiser to them every day. Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seale, Tom Hayden, Rennie Davis, Lee Weiner, John Froines, Dave Dellinger—the "Conspiracy"—these brothers will expose the pig once and for all!]

But back to the book which exposes the same pig in a different part of his pen. We already know more about the street scene in Chicago and the subsequent history of our own culture than the authors of AN AMERICAN MELODRAMA will ever know. But where they are right on is in their coverage of the maneuverings taking place within the convention arena itself, and how the Johnson-Humphrey-Daley-Democratic Party machine forces cut off and shut out the McCarthy and Kennedy people completely, and wouldn't even permit a public discussion of the major issues involved in the campaign up to that point. They confirm every fear we've ever had, and uncover even more ugliness than we would've imagined from our "government."

What the three British gentlemen do is expose the absolute disregard and disrespect the American politicians have for the people they are supposed to be representing and serving, and in chapter after chapter throughout the campaign they hold the behind-the-scenes ponks up to the light and let it shine through their diseased carcasses. You can almost smell the foulness of these crooks and creeps, and if nothing else you come away from this book with a feeling of utter disgust for the whole official scene.

But you also know from reading this book, if you hadn't known before, that for all its apparent power, the whole machine is held together by the weakest of parts and is greased mostly by the people's ignorance of its weaknesses—because if the masses of the people in America right now knew what is really going on in its government, and that they could do without it, they'd tear it down TODAY! The machine runs so smoothly because it defines its own terms and manipulates the people's responses through its strictly controlled mass media, strictly controlled information outlets and strictly controlled living and working conditions. It's like Daley's Democratic Party machine in Chicago: he's gotten a lot of people a lot of jobs, and if they don't toe the line they lose their jobs—it's that simple. They don't get a choice.

The media is the same way: if the people don't believe what they read in the newspapers or see on TV, what can they do? What else is there to believe? Where else can they get any information—unless they get it from us, but they've already been brainwashed into believing that we're their enemies. They have to believe the official line, or else believe nothing, and their lives are already too grim for them to try to get by without having *something* to believe in, no matter how incredible and fantastic it is.

Take George Wallace's campaign which is brilliantly presented in the MELODRAMA book: the things he says make absolutely no sense at all in terms of solutions to problems—it is impossible to run America the way Wallace says he would run it. But the people he's talking to are so frustrated and so brought down by the conditions in which they have to live and work that the fantasy that little sissy runs gives them something to live for, some weird "hope" in their misused lives. Why hell, it wouldn't be so bad if we could jest have a president like George Wallace he'd fix them niggers and them protesters and them egg-heads, goddammit, and then we'd have us a country we could really be proud of. And if them Commie sons-a-bitches ever try any more of their tricks, old Curtis LeMay's got just the thing for 'em blow 'em all to hell, goddammit! This is OUR world!

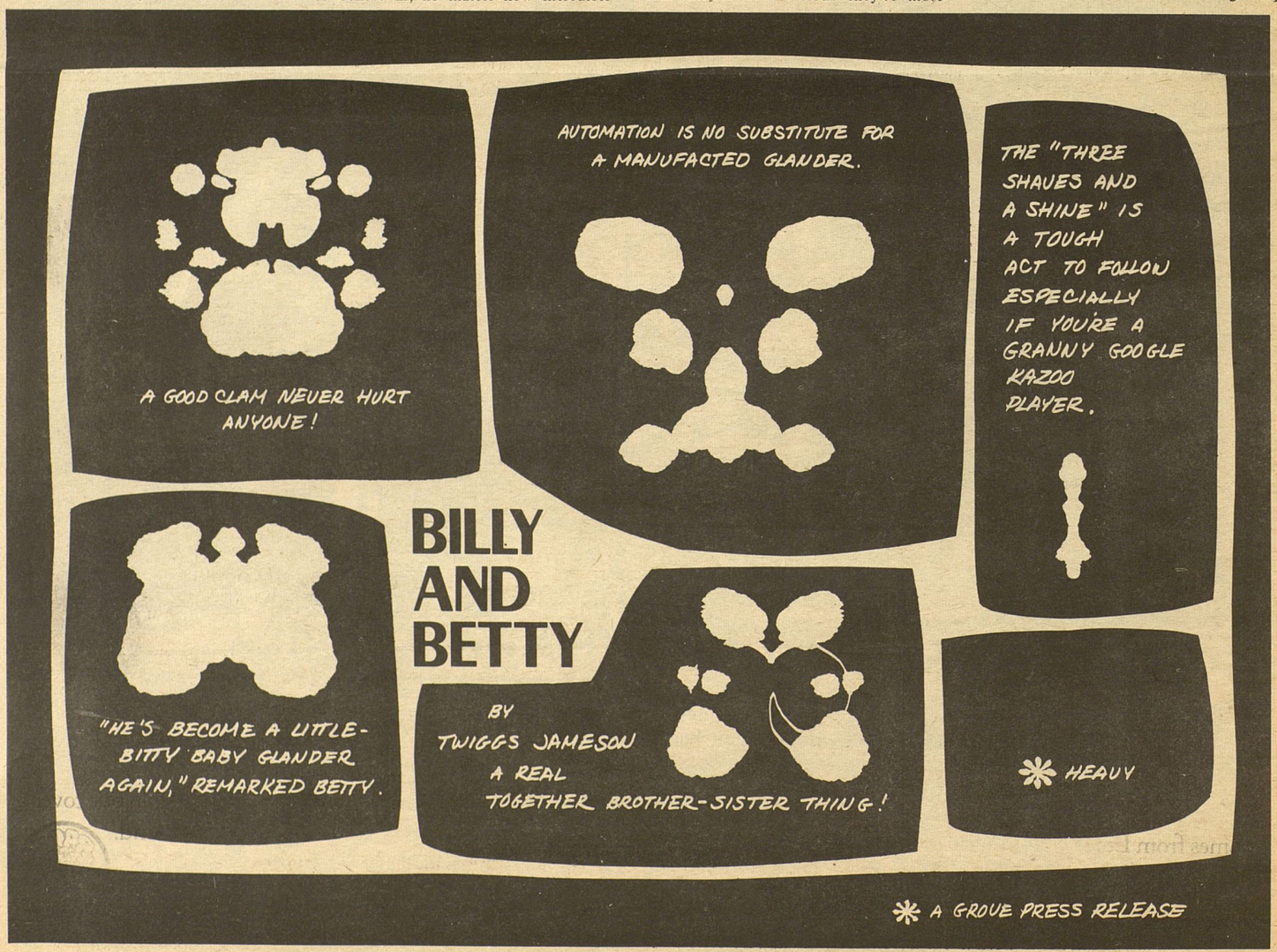
Nixon's just as bad, as anyone can tell from reading the papers yesterday, today, or tomorrow, but he has the neat business-like appearance, a great p.r. team and a staff of advisors that know what the people want—Nixon's apotheosis of the American businessman, Babbitt in a blue suit doing "business as usual" and trying to pretend it's still 1952 and old Joe McCarthy'll get rid of the Commies and protesters, and we can still negotiate an "honorable peace" to end the police action in Korea whoops, Vietnam and if we can just restore the reign of reason or some shit like that on the campuses, shit, Bebe, everything'll be all right after all and we can close our little real estate deal and send the kids to college, and they'll make sure that our little world stays in the right hands.

They all think it's their world, that all they have to do is keep running their bullshit and the people will keep eating it up. They're all crazy, too, to think they can keep running the world like it hasn't changed, like we haven't changed so much they don't even recognize us as the same kids they sent to school. They're so out of touch with reality it's hard to believe that they're even serious they're more like Hollywood creations of some soap-opera buffoons on their TV sets, living righteous lives and wondering what the hell is going on in the land where they used to reign. Posited as the people's hero and particularly as the kids' hero in the melodrama of 1968 is a chomp like McCarthy, who could come down from his room in the Conrad Hilton Hotel in Chicago after Daley's pigs had invaded the 15th floor headquarters of McCarthy's student workers and kicked in the doors and kicked people's asses just to "teach them a lesson," this modern-day Mr. Boynton came down and whined to the pigs, "You can't just come up here and knock heads." Why, it just isn't done in the world that exists in my head.

And the Vice-Presidential candidate for the "Democrats," one Edward Muskie of Maine, chosen to appeal to the Polish minorities, could say when asked about the police riots in Chicago, "There were excesses on both sides." His running mate Humphrey, the pecker in Lyndon Bane Johnson's pocket, the speed-freak drug entrepeneur from Minnesota, this punk has the audacity to chirp about the "politics of joy" like he was some kind of weird Timothy Leary in a business suit. And the winners, the plastic vice-president and the TV-dinner pres, Spiro T. Agnew and Richard M. Nixon, what the fuck, where else could we get such a public figure, Agnew, the No. 2 man in the government, who could have the incomprehensible racist stupidity to say "When you've seen one ghetto you've seen them all"!!!

But Nixon's the ONE, though: he decided a long time before the convention that he'd figured out the secret of the game, which, events proved, he had: everybody loves a winner. So Nixon, who had been in the past the worst loser in American history, played his game all the way through the campaign like he was already a cinch for the No. One Spot—he projected that winner/already won/ONE image through millions of dollars worth of business-and-industry-bought TV ads, newspaper ads, billboards, NIXON'S THE ONE, NIXON'S THE ONE, and the name

[Continued on Page 31.]


A GOOD CLAM NEVER HURT ANYONE!
AUTOMATION IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A MANUFACTED GLANDER.
THE "THREE SHAVES AND A SHINE" IS A TOUGH ACT TO FOLLOW ESPECIALLY IF YOURE A GRANNY GOOGLE KAZOO PLAYER.
"HE'S BECOME A LITTLE-BITTY BABY GLANDER AGAIN," REMARKED BETTY.
BILLY AND BETTY
BY TWIGGS JAMESON
A REAL TOGETHER BROTHER-SISTER THING!
* HEAVY
* A GROVE PRESS RELEASE

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Goin' Up Country

[Continued from Page 24.]

see this accident. Or sometimes we'd be riding and he'd stop because he felt bad about the tires and sure enough we'd find something happening to one of the tires. Or he could tell us what to expect from the people in a town, just all sorts of things. I think we still have all sorts of tapes of him.

Well I know next to nothing about Cassady except from Kerouac—nothing about how the Pranksters acted, just that they existed. I should have read the Kool-Aid Test except maybe not. I trust Luther knows enough for both of us. But Jesus Christ these are famous people I'm hearing about.

Couple weeks ago, continues Luther, Page and Nadine got married and the whole bunch was together. HMM. HMM. I don't know, sometimes I kind of wonder if they don't do some damage to themselves with all those drugs. You know that people were taking 4 and 5 doses of mescaline. And then someone brought out the laughing gas. Sometimes it makes me wonder.

But hey let me show you where I get my wine and stuff. We walk into the garage and in a cabinet look down at seven plastic gallon jugs bubbling away at different rates, with the date and how much was added when. This says Luther, keeps me feeling good all winter long. Now come on back here. Sometimes man I just can't figure all those people out, over here, look, now all those crazy farmers that go around buying that artificial fertilizer ruining their own ground. Look, now this here planet is perfectly capable of taking care of itself if we would just let it, or better yet, learn from it. Have you ever seen fertilizer trucks in a back woods forest? Shit no, I can't understand people, ain't they ever heard of compost heaps, shit man, best fertilizer around. See now what you do is take some dirt and anything you got organic, you know garbage and take something real high in nitrogen like blood from an animal or maybe a dead animal and then soak it down and cover it with hay or something and pretty soon. Well it's organic, you know natural, and it feeds the ground. Or these other people, well I just don't know where their heads are at. Polluting the air and all that crap and Mayor Daley Mayor Daley Mayor Daley! He takes dirt from the compost and throws it on the ground.

We go back in the house and listen to KINK from Portland. Well, now you young people are going to have to do better than they did. The they seems peculiar to me, but Luther, somehow Luther knows lot more about things than anyone else.

You know, when Ken was in prison, the prison psychiatrist spent lots of time trying to figure him out. But he just—well, he was in charge of the tailor shop, you know, and they had these criminals there that no one had been able to reach for years and the first thing Ken does is he has them all painting the light switches orange and fuschia and green and pretty soon painting the walls and pretty soon talking to each other like human beings, and then the prison officials couldn't take that you know, not both green and orange walls and prisoners acting like normal human beings no they couldn't take that not both at the same time because prison is designed so that you believe that you aren't human. So they go into the tailor shop and the next morning everything is grey. Everything.

Pretty soon the door opens and comes in Hassler and his chick and someone else; I can't remember the name although One of the original Pranksters. You mean they walk and talk after taking all those drugs? You mean they aren't dried old shells blind and crippled and wallowing in their own shit with needles hanging out of their arms and blood co ing out of their mouthes. Well no, Has r is rather tall and plump and ruddy d the others—well I shudder to say but they seem healthier than most. A rock my plimsoul but their psyches n't seem much damaged either. I do you really want to know what p n we watched, all you horrified peo hip groovers. Catch this cosmic cy brothers and sisters, but we watch HE ENDLESS SUMMER. That's rig all about surfing around the world, sh the pier and riding the Banzai pip nd surfing in whiteman's South A Except you know some of the sc ere fantastic you know and that we watched because in fact some truly fantastic.

Anyway twice page Luther to get directions to the house h gets there him and Nadine and their y and some more people. All sitting round talking. Page is angry, angry enough to fight he says, who wants to fight, goddammit I'll fight anyone he says, goddam it, those motherfuckers went to Pendleton without me goddam who the fuck wants to fight. Not me, because Page is pretty strong except the death-wish in me rises for a second, sure schmuck go ahead fight him, sure Page lets fight, swords? pistols? BB guns? Sure motherfucker. Page has a

[Continued on Page 31.]

music wheel

New York Rock & Roll Ensemble [Faithful Friends, Atco SD 33-294] is always being touted as the group using "classical" devices in a rock setting.

Classical=Baroque; the two interlude tracks spell it right out. 'Cello and Oboes are the extent of the augmentation; small potaters compared to Zappa's use of "classical" sounds.

Theez guys are very competent and hip enough, too. The scamming of "I'm too Busy" with the Moby Grape shuffle kicking guitar shots, keyboard and vocal passes of all kinds, sounds like an anemic boogie unless you're quick enough to vibe in on the put-down.

No, they wouldn't make a bad straight rock group, though their disastrous reading of Jimi's "Wait Until Tomorrow" might fool you into thinking otherwise. Competent production could've eliminated this, also the frail artiness of "Kite Song" [either Joe McDonald or Steve Miller could've had his way with this one, while Al Kooper would've really gotten artsy].

New York R & R Ensemble hasn't gone nearly far enough, they probably freeze on the "dreadful freedom" of their own possibilities. "Sing Lady Sing", with harpsichord contributing, rocks with nice atmosphere. The title cut makes it with a nice low-key strut & the interlude is charming, but too obvious worse, this group DESPERATELY needs a good vocalist. "Nel Cox" is such a nice concept, too bad it had to turn out trite and perfunctory. "Thinking of Mary" has a nice sound the vocal BLOWS IT, the lyrics are awful!

This unit kicks its own ass so often, I demand an opportunity to produce their next record.

"Brandenburg" [Concerto Bach] is supposed to be IT, Back-rock up and at 'em. It's pretty nice, with moments, but after The Who's "Tommy" affair, it'll take more to make an impact.

Like longer cuts, after maybe eight months out in Maine of Upstate, to get 'em together, maybe get Pappalardi to help, if he's still available.

Colosseum [Those Who Are About To Die Salute You, Dunhill DX 50062] is the supergroup composed of some of those who recorded on Mayall's Barewires [Jon Hiseman, leader, one of the best drummers around, Tony Reeves, formidable bass & Dick Heckstall-Smith, who pulls his weight as well as anyone playing rock reeds if, indeed this mainstream unto itself doesn't altogether defy jazz-rock-blues categories] and Dave Greenslade, brother to such as Garth Hudson and Mathew Fisher in attempting to unleash the organ's massive potential, along with all-purpose threat James Litherland, who's as accomplished as you'd dare ask any new guitarist-vocalist to be.

To say that Collosseum had its shit together is quite the understatement. They can do almost anything, too. "The Kettle" is a trio thing, Litherland working it Hendrix-Beck heavy & he's even foxier on Graham Bond's shouter, "Walking in the Park." "Plenty Hard Luck" is good-rockin' "advanced" blues, with Heckstall-Smith's updated, sinewy '50's attack & double-horn virtuosity coming upfront.

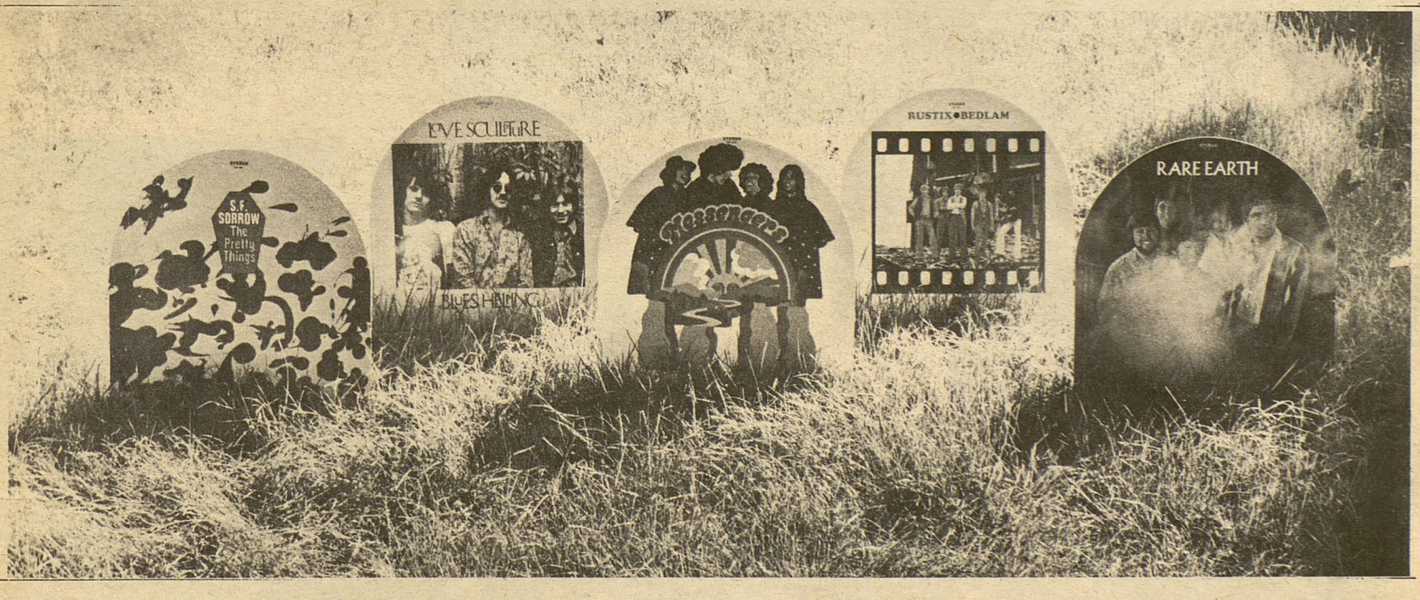
"Debut" is a lovely riff extended into "jazz-rock" improvisational trip, same for the title cut, 'cept instead of a riff the organ scurries in and things never stop—when this group wants uptempo, it gets just that.

"Valentyne Sweet" is a suite, yes, a long cut as good as anything since those sections from Zappa's "Uncle Meat"; the fine frenzy of the ending ought to get you up on your feet to stay.

I wish Collosseum was a little more contemporary, would avail themselves of the "new" jazz innovations going down. Other than that, there's little to fault in this outstanding unit. One of '69's best.

RICH MANGLESDORFF

Rare Earth is under it all.



Rare Earth *is* also the name of a *very* heavy new label...
and the "other-worldly" shapes above are really *Mothers* in disguise.

THE PRETTY THINGS' recording of the epic "S.F. Sorrow" (with the story and lyrics inside the fold-out cover) comes from London, along with LOVE SCULPTURE, dishing up a "Blues Helping" for your eyes, ears and mind. The RUSTIX declare a moratorium on "Bedlam." The MESSENGERS bring it all on home- tightly. And finally, RARE EARTH, the beginning of it all, warns you to "Get Ready."

In short, if you're wondering what's happening, the answer's simply... RARE EARTH.

TM

RARE EARTH RECORDS
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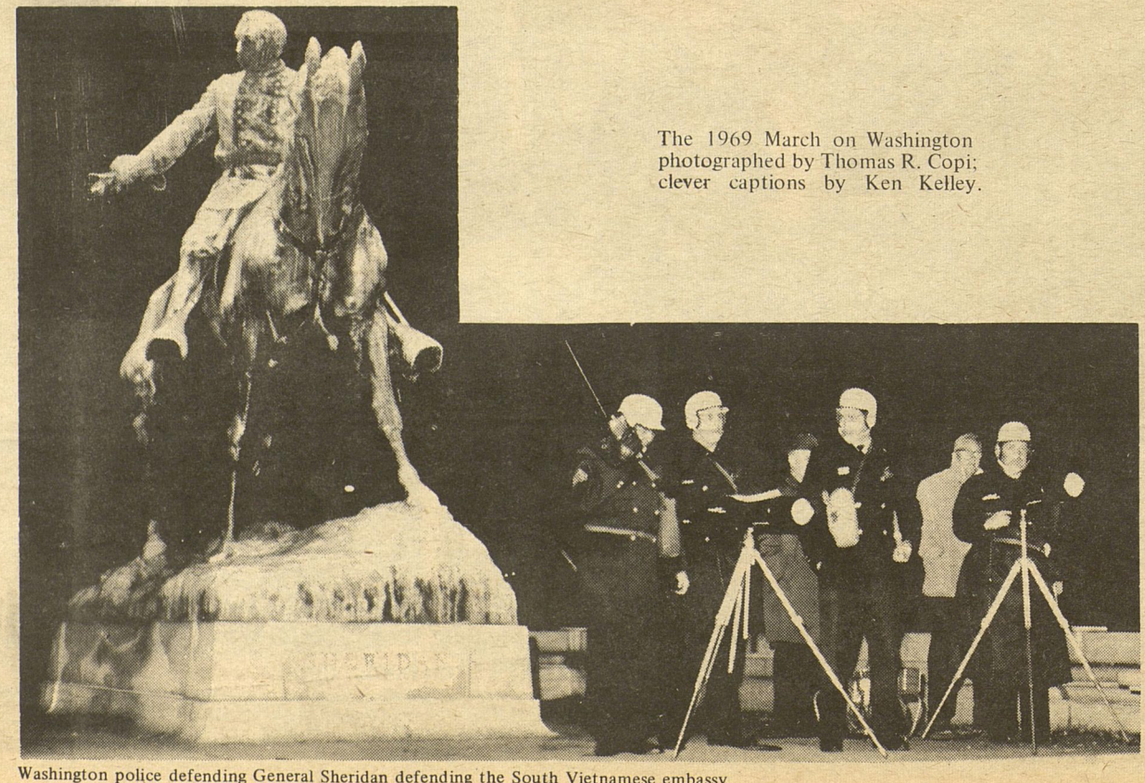
Solidarity with the People's Revolutionary Government

Mobe Marshalls (peace pigs) guard Dept. of Commerce Bldg. against Vietcong invasion

A "bust" of a different nature....

Washing

The 1969 March on Washington photographed by Thomas R. Copi; clever captions by Ken Kelley.



Washington police defending General Sheridan defending the South Vietnamese embassy

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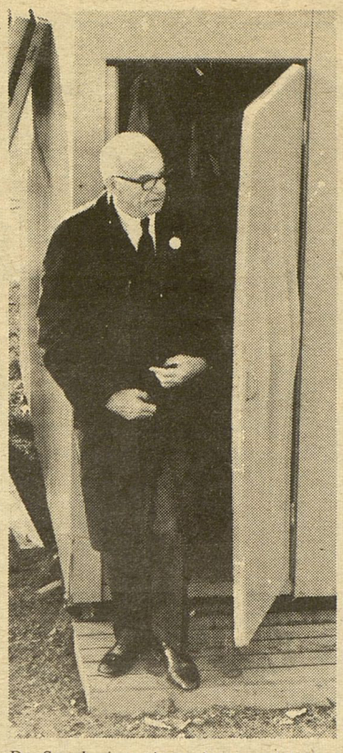
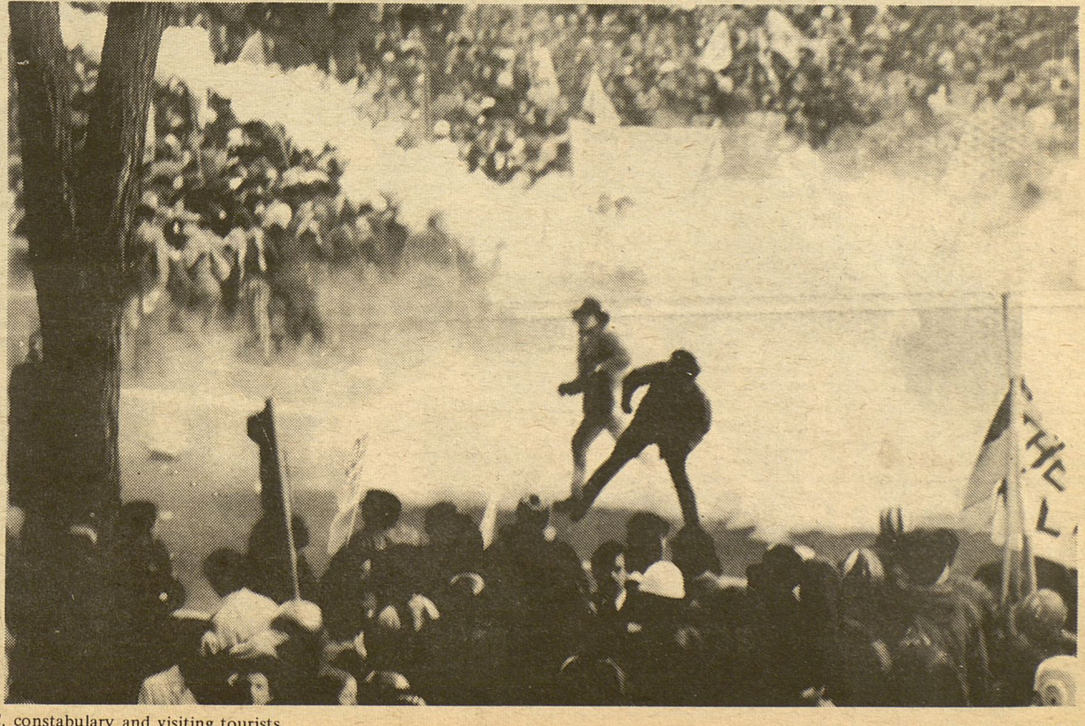


Dr. Spock gives piss a chance, while two nondescript hippies snicker

ngton, 1969

"All we are saying. . ."



A friendly exchange between the D.C. constabulary and visiting tourists

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Goin' Up Country

[Continued from Page 28.]

wrist bigger than my thigh. Sure let's fight. Shut up you didn't come 4000 miles to get snuffed. Suure.

Now Page just sit on down there and well, Page, just take out that there cigar size joint that you carry in your pocket and light it up and pass it all around while Hassler reads to us all from the newspaper about the ironies of human life. The Hassler has a choice eye for newspaper articles that escape other people's notice. Like the ex-nun who stayed buried alive for 61 days setting a new world's record. That's right, folks, right before your very eyes former Sister Dominica of Order of the Grave will place herself in this six by three by three made to order mahogany casket and let herself be buried ten feet below the surface of the earth. That's right, folks, ten whole feet under the place we are now standing, this fine upstanding woman of the catholic faith, mother of seven children will lay for over sixty days and sixty nights. Trying for the world's record.

Hot Damn.

V

Two and a half miles down the road, past the highway, the suburban type homes, off back near the trees stands a shell that was once a geodiesed dome. Plastic flaps from the lattice structure. This is the only farm in Pleasant Hills with a dome; and a day-glo mailbox, and rumor has it that Ken has an AMERICAN FLAG PAINTED ON HIS FRONT TOOTH! The barn has a beautiful painting of the smiling sun and various splashes of color on the roof. I stand off a little from the road. Trying to get my bearings staring at the dome and the dairy cows grazing. This is the farm. A Day-glo farm. Walking up the road to the farm I think about Ann Arbor and the Hog Farm and Doug Harvey, all the things that really matter. But the farm is empty, and broken. and sad to say almost mournful.

THE ORIGINAL HASSLER'S DOMESTIC FOWL DOMICILE AND EGG EMPORIUM

Maybe I'm just compulsive, uptight about sticking my fingers up my asshole when I was a baby. But the farm looks kicked. That's right. Like it was kicked.

Faye, Mrs. Kesey, comes out, hello no Ken's still in Pendleton, can I help you, well you know we want to keep this place to ourselves, would you like something to eat. There's a letter for you, here, oh you can water down the compost heap if you want to thank you for offering yes well I have to get the laundry.

I practice squirting off the grasshoppers to keep me busy, also staring at the sun to burn my retinas, anything to stay out of trouble. after a while I walk through the buildings. Some of Ken's writings are laminated to the wall along with court notices and legal writs, pictures of the Dead. Animals walk at will through the barn and house. Dogs, rabbits, guinea pigs, cats, I'm just sad about the whole fucking thing man, I mean this was supposed to be my salvation you know, deliver me from paranoia. Kesey is much better than Kafka, healthier, Ken, Ken make it all better. Magic, my salvation, like Lee Stamper learning from Hank Stamper, or maybe Billy Bibbitt from McMurphy, well maybe that's the problem, I mean maybe the strong have only so much to give, you know, that maybe Kesey needs some of that strength for him self you know, that's right, maybe Kesey has to recharge. Well but this here farm needs to be fixed up and taken care of, Mr. Ken. Make me strong. How about that for a fantasy, The Charles Atlas of Psyches or so I picture him, what Freud couldn't, what Marx couldn't, Kesey can, but in fact that ain't fair, in fact maybe Kesey is just a human being, and maybe no one has the right to ask any more of him. Maybe that's the problem with this here farm, that everyone expects to ride on Ken's strength, is that possible, I don't know, I don't know anything about the farm yet, you know, except that maybe it needs some help. Care. I don't know that just maybe Ken needs himself more than anyone else does. I just don't know.

Sinclair Review

[Continued from Page 27.]

of yesterday's newspaper being amnesia like Allen Ginsberg once wrote, the people who live in that world of make-believe and newspapers and TV naturally bought "the new Nixon" just like they buy their "all new Spic and Span" and their all new 1970 Buicks—he gave them "something to believe in," and they're all trying their damnedest to believe in it now they've got it.

But it's all falling down around their heads, and they don't know what's going on at all. Not even Bobby Kennedy, who you still hear some people talk about as some kind of hero, not even Bobby Kennedy knew what the deal was, killed in the kitchen of a plastic hotel; Clean for Gene McCarthy is a haughty old fool, capitalism is doomed, Richard Nixon is a Bill Hutton character on Eudora Welty's TV set, the gibbering golf-playing ghost of Howdy Doody come back to haunt us, with John N. Mitchell as Clarabelle running around squirting all the protesters and "black militants" and dope-fiends with seltzer water and honking her goddamn horn—"law and order," "law and order," golfing in Florida, helicopters and bridge at San Clemente, dinner at '21' with the gossip creeps and movie stars, Shirley Temple at the UN, our Miss Brooks, Amos and Andy, Jack Benny for Vice President, Spiro T. Agnew loves Dinah Shore [no shit, that was in yesterday's paper], Strom Thurmond and Clement Haynsworth and the Green Berets and the South Forever, the Stars and Bars, it's 1954 again folks and will we have a Supreme Court or won't we, goddamit, we'll NEVER let our little innocent children go to school with them niggers, we'll never let them Commies teach in our schools, we want a police state, we want a police state, bash their goddam heads in boys, and come on over to the Elks and have a beer with us when you get done, shit, we work hard for what we get and we ain't gonna give it up for nothin'. We want Lawrence Welk and the Lemon Sisters, we want Liberace, we want washing machines and dryers and electric canopeners and Rock Hudson and Doris Day at the drive-in. . .

On and on, the same old reel, the same old rerun, the same old shuck and jive, the same old used cars running on the same old machine, and it's burnin oil and clinking and smokin and the valves are burnt out and the knockin' gets louder and louder but it's a grand old car, it's a brand new model with the same old motor, it's just the thing for all the folks to love and cherish, honor and obey, oh it's a grand old flag AND THESE TELEVISION PUNKS WOULD CHOKE US ALL IN ITS BLOODY FOLDS with Richard Millstone Nix-on and his gang of double-crossing lawyers marching at the head of the parade, marching us all down the old glory hole into oblivion—*if we let them.*

If we let them. The only way we are going to be able to stop them fools from perpetuating this monstrous ruse on all of us any longer is to get down and start organizing and educating ourselves so we can stop them from carrying on their gruesome business as usual—and the best way to stop them is by shutting down the machines and the factories for change-over, junking all the old models and retooling the dies and molds so we can start reconstructing the nation and its economy along new lines, so they serve the needs of the people and not just the industrialists and bankers and lawyers and doctors and professional politicians and OWNERS who control the country now. The old systems and the old methods and the old honko culture are outmoded and worn out, they simply don't work anymore, and it's time to start throwing out that antiquated shit and start dealing with present realities. Because the United States alone can provide for the needs of all the people on earth as soon as we cut out all the insane competition and stupid control mechanisms and start providing for *the people's needs.* And the sooner this change is made the better off all the people will be.

AN AMERICAN MELODRAMA is an excellent textbook to use in studying the American political system and the way it operates and controls our lives today. One of our biggest problems as young people in this weirdo country is that we have been so ruthlessly brainwashed all our lives into believing that the government is "by the people, of the people, and for the people." The older we get the more we find out just how much the government has been lying to us and not just the government per se, but all the agencies of capitalist society which are charged with keeping the people in line: the schools, the mass media, the factories, the armies, the police, the whole social structure which is in fact controlled by the same interlocking conspiracy and which works in unison to keep us from finding out what is really going on.

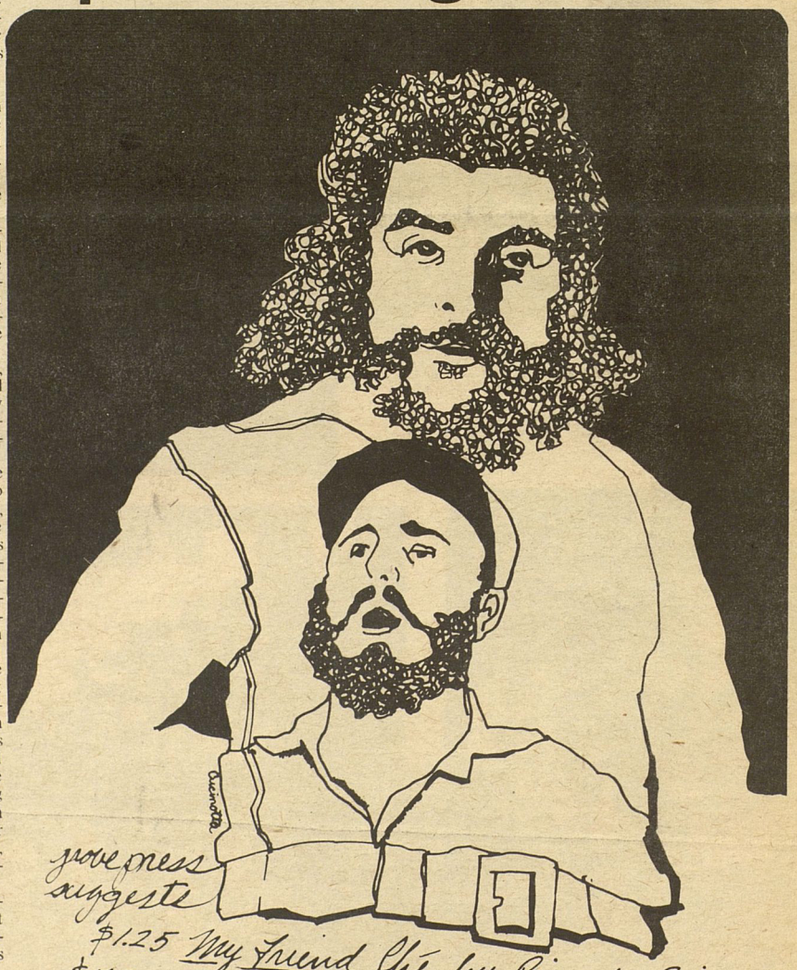
It takes some effort to find out the facts, but it's always hard for a people to throw off the burden of the oppressor, and from all indications it'll probably be easier to off this particular pig than it's been for many of our brothers throughout the world to get rid of their oppressors, if only because there is so much dissension and confusion and outright stupidity working against the system from within itself. And since we are supposed to move into the driver's seat and run the machine ourselves, our refusal to do just that will speed up the process considerably. Historically revolutions have been made by a materially oppressed class which is being held down by an educated and moneyed and armed ruling elite; here in America the youth of the elite ruling class are starting to unite with the youth of the materially oppressed class in order to abolish the rule of their own fathers, which does give us somewhat of an advantage.

The more we learn about how the system operates, the quicker we can shut it down. I don't think there's any doubt about that. If you can get a copy of this book, AN AMERICAN MELODRAMA, and if you can make time to read it through, it'll be worth your time. It's a big fat book but it's well worth taking off. You'll have to make your own analysis, because all the authors do is tell the story, but when you finish it you'll know what to do with that information. Do it!

John Sinclair, Chairman
White Panther Party
Marquette Prison, October 1969

All Power to the People!

required reading for radicals



graveness suggests

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$7.95 The Great Rebel by Luis Gonzales and Sanchez Salazar
Fidel Castro Speaks Edited by Martin Kenner & James Petras
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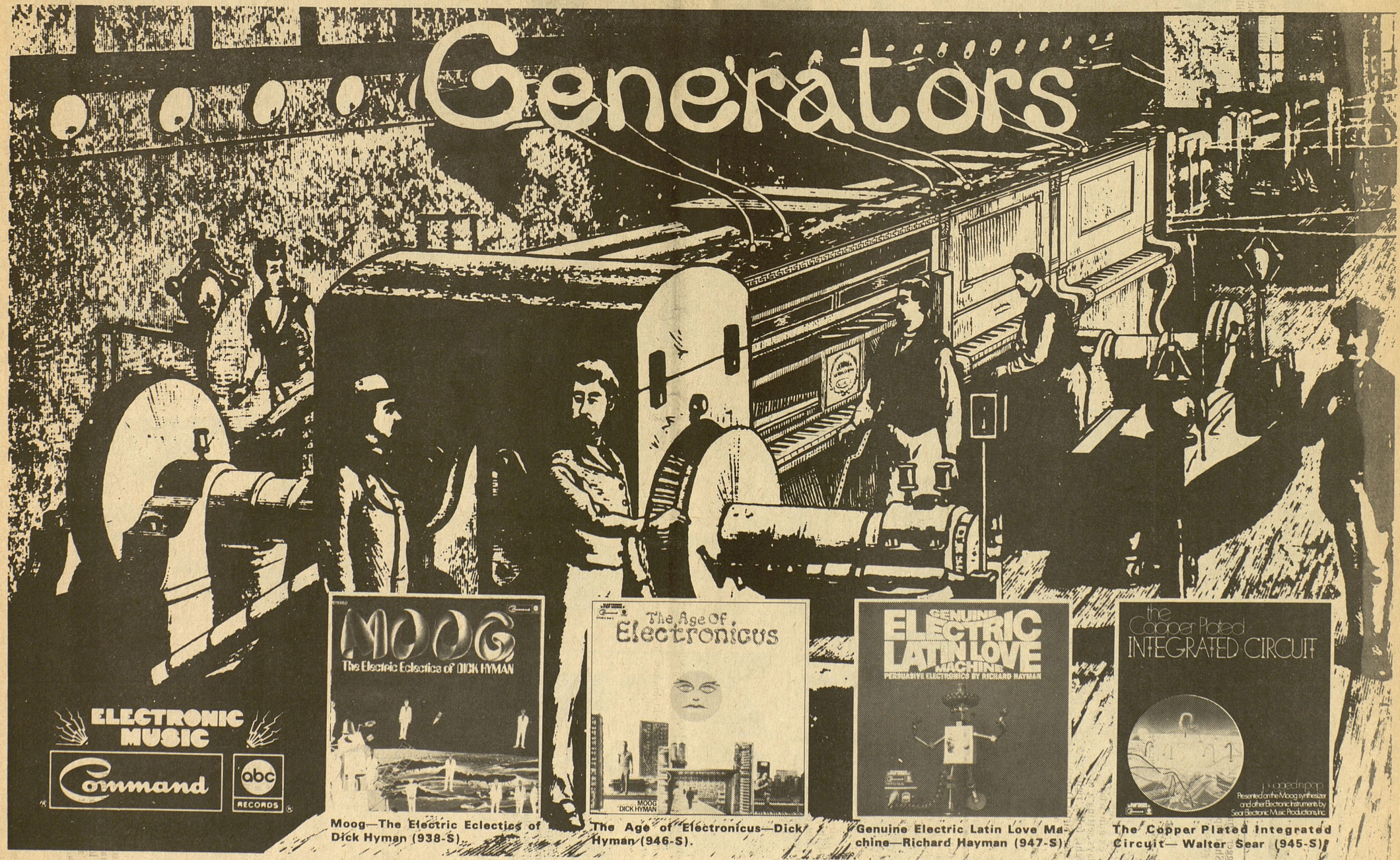

Moog—The Electric Eclectics of Dick Hyman (938-S).

The Age of Electronicus—Dick Hyman (946-S).

Genuine Electric Latin Love Machine—Richard Hayman (947-S).

The Copper Plated Integrated Circuit—Walter Sear (945-S).

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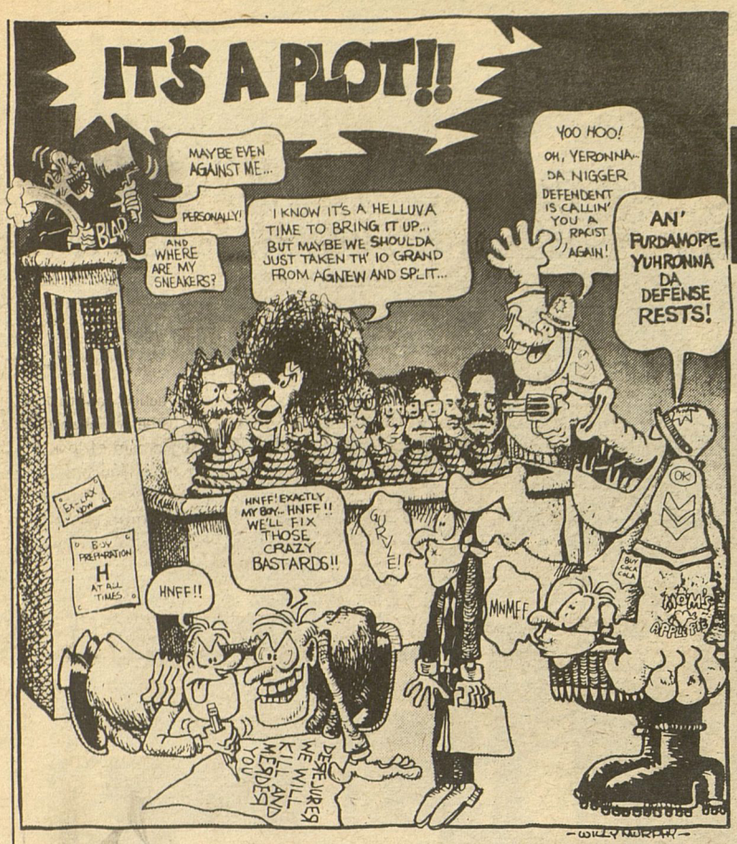
IT'S A PLOT!!
MAYBE EVEN AGAINST ME...
PERSONALLY!
AND WHERE ARE MY SNEAKERS?
I KNOW IT'S A HELLUVA TIME TO BRING IT UP... BUT MAYBE WE SHOULDA JUST TAKEN TH' 10 GRAND FROM AGNEW AND SPLIT...
YOO HOO! OH, YERONNA-DA NIGGER DEFENDENT IS CALLIN' YOU A RACIST AGAIN!
AN' FURDAMORE YUHRONNA DA DEFENSE RESTS!
HNFF! EXACTLY MY BOY- HNFF!! WE'LL FIX THOSE CRAZY BASTARDS!!
HNFF!!
MMMEF
BOY PREPARATION H AT ALL TIMES
DEFENDERS WE WILL KILL AND MEDIA YOU DEAD!
WILLY MURRAY

KONSPIRACY

UPI

4 DICK NIXON, PRESIDENT Dick Nixon is a middle-weight who packs a heavyweight wallop. Hailing from Yorba Linda, California, in that state's rough-and-tumble Broccoli-growing district, scrappy Dick began taking on all comers when most kids his age were still playing Chinese checkers. Courageously working to overcome his mental and physical handicaps, Dick quickly developed "an eye for the odds." Some say perceptive Dick can spot an opponent's weakness before you can say "Helen Gahagan Douglas" or even "Alger Hiss." That's probably apocryphal, but it does show how tall Dick stands in the estimation of his many devoted fans.

Although Dick isn't quite "at home" with human beings, he's definitely a team player. Remember how tenaciously he backed up Kangaroo great "Ike" Eisenhower during "Ike's" two exciting frames in the big leagues? Dick was only an irregular heart-beat away from the BIG JOB then, but he never once displayed any unsportsmanlike eagerness for the spotlight—and spent many quiet hours on the bench with his charming wife Pat and his two female daughters Tricia and Julie. When he wasn't on the bench, Dick was in the kennels with his intelligent dog Checkers who handled his public relations.

Kangaroo faithfuls know the intensely human side of Dick Nixon. They know he speaks from his little sportsman-like heart when he says he's fed "up to here" with the anti-Kangaroo agitation by the bleacher bums. Although he is now Captain Kangaroo, he has never forgotten the humility he learned out there in the broccoli fields of Whittier. "We're all in the same boat," says terse Dick, "we're none of us safe in our beds."

Although Dick admits no connection with the Boy Scouts of America, he is a power in the Boys' Clubs of America. Proud of his past, Dick Nixon looks to the future, afraid.

UPI

8 DICK DALEY, GROUNDS KEEPER Here's the man to beat . . . numero uno . . . tubby top dog of "The Windy City" . . . a powerhouse of a powerbroker . . . *Mr. Pig* himself: Richard "Dick" Daley! Take the grace and charm of Tony Galento, add the animal virility of Babe Didrikson Zaharias, the sensitivity of Yogi Berra, and the jowls of Gorilla "Manchurian Man Mountain" Monsoon, top off with the politics of Max Schmeling, and you have a pretty good idea why "King Richard," as he's known around The Loop, is so well-equipped to defend his crown. Combining a hefty handshake and a greasy palm all rolled up into an iron fist, this Mid-Western mauler was "fouling them in the clinches" as far back as 1936 when he started out in the Illinois House of Reps. Back-room, bare-knuckle battlers like the 67-year-old Mayor are a vanishing breed, however, and, along with Papa Doc "The Haitian Hurricane" Duvalier and an ever-dwindling handful of scrappy oldsters, are fast becoming the last fading shadows of a bygone era. Nevertheless, the South Side slugger is a long ways from being counted out and could, since it's his ballpark, make all the difference in the up-coming contest. Smart money is saying his roundhouse right will deck more than a few contenders before the final bell. Always a crowd-pleaser, wherever you find Dick, you're sure to find a spontaneous demonstration in his support (for those interested, spontaneous demonstrations in his support take place at 10:30, 2:00, and 7:20, Monday through Friday; noon and 5:30 on weekends, weather permitting). Malcontents tempted to "bad-mouth" the portly politico might do well to take note that he *is* a Director for the St. Joseph Home for the Friendless, to name just one of the good works the Mayor is never too busy to be photographed working for, including a Chairmanship in the Bridgeport area Boy Scouts.

UPI

1 J. EDGAR HOOVER, CHIEF SCOUT At an age when a lesser man would be satisfied with shuffleboard and intravenous injections, incredible J. Edgar is still playing the big game with every God-given ounce of energy in his fragile frame. Keeping "tabs" on 200,000,000 Americans (all of them potential conspirators) is no easy task, but tireless Ed gives it all he's got—and he's got plenty: a massive back-up team of pock-marked subservient agents, 100,000,000 fingerprints, and class. What evil lurks in the minds of men? Well, maybe the shadow knows, and maybe he doesn't, but Kangaroo fans are betting on J. Edgar.

Blameless domesticity, that's the phrase which best describes J. Edgar's simon-pure home life. Ed lived with his Mom until she passed on—and you can bet he kept good track of her too! Now Ed regards his legion of pock-marked subservient agents as his family. Somehow sprightly Ed has managed to stay single!

Ed is no stranger to the "best seller" lists. Kangaroo fans cherish his charming *Masters of Deceit*, a history of the FBI and its agents written in Ed's inimitable chatty style.

0 SPIRO AGNEW, VICE-PRESIDENT Here is that rare sports phenomenon—a star who was never a rookie. Even the most avid Kangaroo fan had trouble finding Spiro on his mental roster when this dynamic young sports Solon burst from the shadows into the limelight last year. Since then, however, he has quickly become a spectator favorite—what with the many amusing things he says and does. "Spiro plays the game as though it were one big half-time," one devoted Kangaroo fan remarked recently. Be that as it may, it is certain that Spiro's spirited performance on the field and off have earned him a place in the history of the current Greek Revival right next to such super-stars as Melina Mercouri and Mrs. Aristotle Onassis.

Spiro came to the team as a "player to be named later" in the

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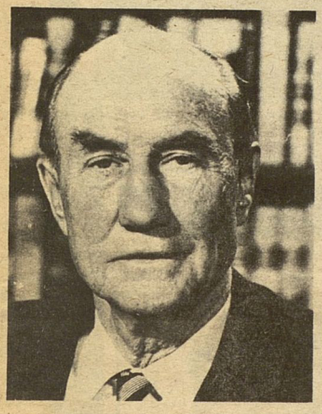
as seen from the KANGAROO KAMP

Strom Thurmond deal that sent Nellie Rockefeller down to the Banana Leagues.

He adds real weight to the Kangaroo line-up, and a highly paid team of trainers is working to keep him from falling down all the time, so that soon he should add real balance as well. Spiro is a natty dresser, and (except when he is falling down) presents a neat and tidy appearance. He does this, he confides, by never crossing his legs.



UPI

3 STROM THURMOND, DIRECTOR OF PLAYER PERSONNEL. Some men are born Kangaroos . . . natural-born narks who spring full-blown from the brow of Zeus . . . career-soldiers as destined for duty as if their mom had been a dragon's tooth . . . God-given golems shaped by fate to cut back the weeds of moral turpitude that ever threaten to choke out the lilies of virtue. James Strom Thurmond is such a man. For example, "Strom," as his friends call him, is definitely *not* the sort of joe who goes in for wife-swapping parties. Tossing in his key-rings to shack up with some sex-obsessed housewife just isn't his "cup of tea." Don't read that to mean, however, that the 67-year-old Clemson College graduate and Bob Jones University degree-holder isn't a mixer. Au contraire! The ex-South Carolina governor's lengthy list of lodges, clubs, and orders includes: the Sons of the American Revolution, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Military Order of World Wars, the Masons, the Moose, the Clemson College Alumni Association, and even the Woodman of the World. And you can bet your bottom beaverpelt that not a one is a Commie-front. Strom just isn't the kind of guy who joins Commie-fronts. In fact, the Edgefield native is so touchy about what organizations he belongs to that he's even quit the Democratic Party twice. One group that the Aiken resident backs all the way, however, is the Boy Scouts of America, where he holds sway as the director of both the Georgia and the Carolinas chapters. It is also worth noting that Senator Strom ran for the Presidency under the Dixiecrat banner in 1948 and lost. Nevertheless, he held on to his platform and is now putting it to good use, nailing it plank by plank to the back of the White House just as quick as Dick can slap some whitewash on it. More than anyone else on the team, Strom can take credit for rewriting the rulebook, thus paving the way for this year's memorable game. 'Roos and 'Trosses alike won't forget all he's done and can expect him to be in there "sparkplugging" the team all the way, cheered on from the sidelines by his child bride.

UPI

24 MARTHA RAYE, CAMP-FOLLOWER Decked out in her medal-festooned Special Forces uniform (strikingly similar to official BSA regalia, incidentally), "No-Mufti" Martha makes Audie Murphy look like a craven turncoat! While W. W. II dogfaces had to make do with pin-ups of Rita Hayworth and Betty Grable, Viet G.I.'s can appreciate this 51-year-old Butte, Montana native *in the flesh*, hoofing and warbling her way into their hearts. Unruffled by vicious Commie-spawned rumors of her alleged implication in the Green Beret murder plot (even the "Teddy in '72" team could pick up a few tips from those boys . . . after all, they still haven't found *that* body!), the ex-Hellzapoppin' headliner continues to entertain the troops with one camp revue after another. Service life is nothing new to the six-times married redhead, however, as cinema buffs will point out, recalling her memorable performance in *Four Jills in a Jeep* which pointedly underscored both the rigors and the zany antics of military life. The once spouse of David Rose enjoys a well-earned reputation for her outspoken patriotic views and, as one admirer good-naturedly put it, "Her mouth is as big as all outdoors!" The Chi-Town-parochial-school-educated songstress is a much-welcomed addition to the Washington team, lending not only extensive combat experience—experience gained from being right up there with the fellows, spearheading every U.S. offensive action—but her own special magic, the indefinable lustre of a show biz great, that elusive mystique that has made her a legend in her own time. Sock it to 'em, Martha!

UPI

88 DICK KLEINDIENST, TIGHT END. Tactitian, economist, warrior, prosecutor; 6'2" Dick "Mr. Tough" Kleindienst has tackled each of these jobs with almost inhuman gusto during his six years in the upper-middle of the political heap. And now, enough of the returns are in to demonstrate conclusively that he has yet to find just the right job to suit his own peculiar talents.

Dick, who was the mastermind behind Barry Goldwater's disastrous campaign for the Presidency in 1964, began his Kangaroo varsity career by inventing the "Department of Justice Time Recording Desk Sheet," a form upon which, every 12 minutes, each of "Mr. Tough's" 1200 assistants is required to write a detailed account of what, exactly, he is doing.

When he's not busy filling out his time sheet, Dick likes to tell visitors about "Operation Intercept," a vast, complex, econo-military operation of his devising which was designed to drive up the price of marijuana, or "Maryjane," to use the name by which hepcat Dick reportedly refers to it. The plan depended on strict secrecy, but, as you have probably guessed, Dick, who surprisingly has no known connection with the Boy Scouts, forgot himself at a Washington news conference one day and spilled the beans.

Now Dick has reached another turning point in his career: a chance to act on his life-long dream of locking up demonstrators in detention camps. But Kangaroo fans, having watched "Mr. Tough" in action before, aren't counting any chickens—at least not quite yet.

UPI

2 JACK MITCHELL, GENERAL MANAGER. An admirer of this burly old bond trader from Detroit once gushed: "Some might classify him as a liberal, some see him as a conservative." It is the very qualities implied in this statement, plus his dry, honest-feeling handshake, that have gotten this coldly efficient Fordham graduate where he is today.

As General Manager of a team that has clawed its way to the brink of a championship, this 192-pound advocate of the Southern strategy, this man who brought Spiro Agnew to the Kangaroos in a surprise package-deal with Senate and Boy Scout leader Strom Thurmond, has certainly earned the right to boast a little, but rumor has it that except for one brief interview he granted ace sports reporter Stanley Haystack, the taciturn GM has not uttered a word since his statement over a year ago that "I am invulnerable. I will never accept a cabinet post." The texts of his no-knock law, preventive detention, relaxation of wiretapping rules, and easing of federal desegregation guidelines proposals, the rumor continues, were all written out on the back of a scorecard while his lovely daughter Jill drove him around a chic MacLean, Va. golf course in a motorized cart. Whether you believe it or not, it sure makes a good story, doesn't it?

This section is taken from a book by Random House distributed by Grove Press, titled "Official Conspiracy Pogrom," available for $1.

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Doctor Hippocrates

by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

QUESTION: I am presently in the US Army and stationed in Vietnam. Although I had served one year here, I extended my duty time six months after a thirty day leave in the United States. The reason I returned to Vietnam was because I found myself addicted to opium.

I thought that smoking opium could not cause addiction. I began smoking it about one year ago because of my close relationship to the Vietnamese. Since then, I have probably smoked one ounce every single day. During my leave, the small amount of opium I had with me soon disappeared. Twenty-four hours later, an ordeal of pain began which lasted until I returned to Vietnam two weeks later.

I've tried to give up opium by going "cold turkey" but this failed because of the pain. I've also tried the "ladder" bit by smoking a decreasing amount day by day. This didn't help either.

The symptoms are clear: everything from a running nose to an aching body. With four months duty left you can imagine my concern. I even went so far as to ask advice of a team leader who is so straight that he almost got me busted. Turning myself into a military hospital is hopeless as it is an automatic bust by the MPs and the CID.

Is there any advice you could give me?

ANSWER: Opium is the parent compound of more potent narcotics such as heroin and morphine. Infrequent use of opium will not cause addiction. But regular use causes true addiction in a significant number of people.

Withdrawal from narcotics can be done abruptly or gradually but many obstacles are placed before addicts seeking treatment. Most hospitals refuse to treat narcotics addicts and those which do must report the cases to police. Outpatient treatment of narcotics addicts in the United States is greatly restricted by federal laws.

Synanon uses the "cold turkey" method of withdrawal with members giving comfort and encouragement to the addict. Since you are in Saigon perhaps you could be seen by a privately practicing Vietnamese physician.

Narcotics withdrawal causes acute discomfort for several days. But the most difficult part is resisting further use of the drug. If your friends are all using the drug, you'll probably do the same.

* * * * *

QUESTION: My man likes to have his testicles massaged when his stomach's upset. He says it makes his stomach feel better.

Is there any physiological reason for this or is it just psychological? Is this common among men or unique to him?

ANSWER: You didn't say how often your man's stomach is upset. I don't know of any physiological relationship here. Nor whether the response to this treatment is unique to your man. The treatment you have described is not taught in medical or nursing schools to my knowledge. If your man's stomach is upset frequently he should have a check-up by your physician.

Saves on antacids I guess.

* * * * *

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* * * * *

Dr. Shoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him c/o PO Box 9002, Berkeley, California 94709.

Letters Cont'd

[Continued from Page 18.]

epistle to Argus:

i believe that your paper is beautiful. Everything in it gives our [illegible] foundation to stand upon and to be heard. but not enough listen, do you agree? and if the only way we can gain peace is by demonstrating then let us be heard! Someone has to fight to get the point across. there are just so many things that bother the hell out of me, that i would just love to speak out freely on. at my house, it is impossible and i do not dig this. i mean i do not like the way people here try to run my life. i am 16 and i know what i want. i want to leave home and start an organization which i call the 'velvet' society where all is beautiful and where all has understanding for everyone. Then an Underground paper 'Velvet Rail' i would call it, the office doors would be open everyday to anyone, beautiful heads could come in and the Rail members would just sit and rap it would be a place where one could speak freely on anything without fear of the pigs hauling them off to jail, from this we would get the general content of the paper. They say that this is a free country, but how can it be? when they ask of opinions they shut your view off from all, because they are afraid that we are right and they cannot face it. there are so many things on which i could express myself, but i have not got the room. Something that i wrote is enclosed. i believe in it what do you heads think? the name below is not mine, i have chosen it though for myself for it stands for the same that i do, beauty, peace, love, understanding, equality, brotherhood and individuality. Keep up the fantastic works!

Our people need support. Argus may reply if i am needed to help support a beautiful cause—

Amour y Paz,
Celeste

Dear Editor,

I am a head who has been drafted into the Fascist world of the Army. I would be interested in writing articles for your newspaper on just how the Army is from the inside. I am presently stationed on Ford Island, Hawaii, which is in the middle of Pearl Harbor. Even a beautiful place such as Hawaii can be hell. I get to talk to many R&R personnell from Nam who say they would rather be there than on the rock in the harbor. It would overwhelm me to tell the people back in the world what the Fascist Army is really like.

If it doesn't quite fit in or you have other suggestions I would like very much to hear them. Being a head from Mt. Clemens, Mich. I think they and everyone should know.

Sincerely,
Pfc. J.J. Milette

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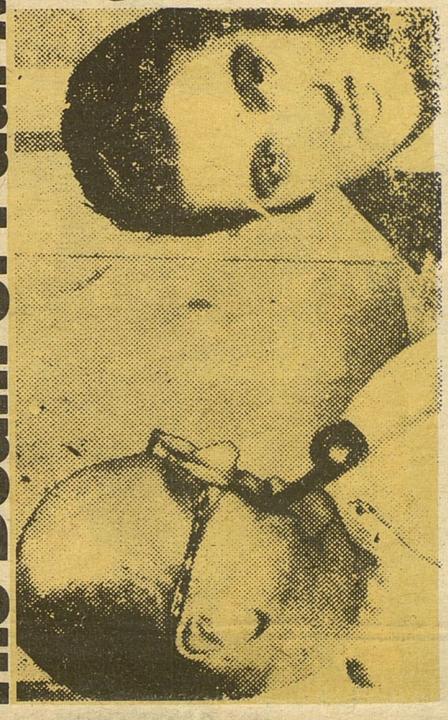
ANN ARBOR

The Death of Paul McCartney & the Suicide of Elvis Presley!

The Secret Untold Story



Elvis and manager, Col. Parker, shortly before his suicide.

By RICHARD SILVERSTEIN

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The death in November, 1966, of Beatle Paul McCartney has been securely established in both the straight press and underground media during the past month. It has been clearly shown that the prominent pop star, riding the tide of his greatest successes, was sorely disappointed over the progress the group was making, and drove his sports car into a telephone pole and was thereby decapitated—whether accidental or suicidal is not known.

However, the entire story—connecting that event with Elvis Presley and a famous pop balladeer, involving international repercussions, has not been revealed, and was only revealed to the Argus one day before presstime by a source close to both Elvis and McCartney. As the plot unfolds, it will involve major music figures throughout the world; the transportation of a dead body across international and interstate boundaries; a homosexual relationship; and an almost airtight attempt to prevent the discovery of the disposal of Paul McCartney's dead body.

Elvis Presley was born in Tupelo, Mississippi 30 years ago, one of twelve children. He was one of twin brothers; his brother Aaron, so the stories went, after Elvis' meteoric rise to fame, died at birth. There is a landmark in Tupelo marking his birthplace; few other remnants of the town's most famous citizen remain.

As all followers of the pop star's career will recall, Elvis was drafted into the Army in 1957, to the chagrin of his millions of idolizing teenage girls. What these same girls didn't know, and what they would have been even more chagrined about, was that Elvis Presley was a homosexual. Indeed, his manager throughout his career, Col. Thomas Parker, didn't realize it for the first couple of years of Elvis' stardom. He discovered it shortly after the scandal arose over Jerry Lee Lewis marrying his 13-year-old cousin. Parker, shrewd businessman that he is, immediately put the clamps on Presley's personal life: no interviews, ever. He realized that if the fact were discovered Presley's career would be destroyed just as surely as Lewis' was.

Elvis, after his famous haircut over national television, lasted through basic training, and was assigned to an army base just outside Hamburg, West Germany. It was here that he first met Paul McCartney.

McCartney, John Lennon, and George Harrison, along with a series of drummers, were then known as the Silver Beatles, and at the time were doing gigs all over Germany. They enjoyed their best reputation, however, in the city of Hamburg itself. It was at one of the greaserock teen clubs in Hamburg that Paul met Elvis. Paul, as has been brought out, most recently in Fred LaBour's expose in the *Michigan Daily* was also a homosexual [In "Yellow Submarine," John yells out "Paul's a Queer," to which is answered, "Aye, Aye, Captain"]. Elvis, looking for a pickup, quickly formed a relationship with McCartney, who was somewhat awed at having so famous a lover. There is some indication that they continued seeing each other on at least a semi-regular basis. But when Elvis' stint in the Army was over, he went back to the States and the relationship was forgotten.

Forgotten, that is, until 1964. The Beatles, having settled on a regular drummer in the person of Ringo Starr, had made it big, so big that when the history of rock and roll is recorded only Elvis himself can be compared to their success.

In the summer of 1964, the Beatles made their first national tour of America. One of the stops was Memphis, which raised some eyebrows at the time, inasmuch as the Beatles never made anywhere near the smash in the home of Country Music as they did in the other markets of their 20-city tour. But one of the primary reasons for the inclusion of Memphis was that, on the outskirts of the city, in a posh, colonial brick mansion lived Elvis Presley.

At a pre-arranged meeting, Elvis and Paul were reunited for the first time in six years. They of course hit it off again immediately, resuming for all practical purposes right where they left off. There was of course the added dimension of the Beatles' success. Elvis, many say by his own choosing was only sporadically releasing records, and had given up personal appearances altogether to concentrate on movies.

Col. Parker, as an added measure of coverup, had brought in a girl from Elvis' hometown, an old family friend who could be billed as a "childhood sweetheart", to be on Elvis' arm whenever the occasion called for it. In addition, he promised her a chance at a recording contract. [Brian Epstein took the same tack with McCartney—importing Peter Asher's sister Jane for the occasion.]

When the Beatles returned to England from their overwhelmingly successful tour they immediately commenced on the production of their new album, which was released just before Christmas, 1964, entitled "Beatles '65". As a tribute to Elvis, they included two songs originally done on Elvis' old label, Sun Records [prior to its being eaten up by RCA so that the corporate giant could get its hands on Presley's lucrative contract]: "Honey Don't" [originally done by Carl Perkins], and "Everybody's Trying To Be My Baby."

In addition, Paul McCartney wrote two songs specifically about Elvis. The first was "I'll Be Back Again", a promise to Elvis that he would return, chronicling a slight tiff they must have had before parting, and "Mr. Moonlight." The words in the latter song are almost too obvious: "Here I am on my knees, begging with you, please. . ."; "You came to me one summer night. . ."; etc.

The next two years passed very quickly, with both men pursuing spectacular career: Paul as the artistic mainstay [and romantic bachelor] of the group, Elvis making dozens of boxoffice movie hits. There is no record of any meetings, but the two no doubt saw much of each other especially since the Beatles final two American tours again included Memphis.

Meanwhile, of course, the Beatles were just getting into drugs, and anxious to explore new methods of artistic expression with their music. It was very frustrating, especially for Paul, who often had to assume the role of peacemaker in the quartet when, say John would quarrel with the artistically less-far-out Ringo. The culmination, of course, was the tragic autocrash which took Paul's life.

As has been chronicled elsewhere, the Beatles then set out to get a replacement for Paul without anyone finding out what had actually happened, finally ending up with one Billy Shears, who is introduced in the first cut of "Sgt. Pepper," and who looked remarkably like Paul. But the immediate problem was, What To Do With the Body. With the dead carcass of Paul McCartney in the ground, there was always the problem of discovery, as facial features can be reconstructed by an expert with even as little as one cheekbone, and certainly with an entire skeleton. But it was Paul himself who solved the problem.

Paul had written a will before his death, which he entrusted to John. The will stipulated that his body be cremated, and flown back to the United States and given to his old lover, Elvis Presley. A simple and practical solution which was also in accordance with Paul's wishes.

So the deed was done. Elvis himself was very shook up over the death of his lover, and so made a sentimental journey back to his hometown to scatter the ashes in the great Mississippi, or rather, one of its tributaries. The exact place he chose was very familiar to him, as he had often walked there as a child.

The Tallahatchee Bridge, over the Tupelo River. He traveled to the quiet, secluded place with his affected girlfriend, to whom he had grown very attached, Bobbi Gentry. Together the two of them threw Paul McCartney's ashes off the Tallahatchee Bridge. Elvis was apparently so grieved over McCartney's death that the next day he himself died, committing suicide by jumping off the bridge.

Miss Gentry, of course, built an entire metaphorical song around the two events, which became a hit the following summer, in 1967, with much speculation as to what was thrown off the bridge.

But crafty old Col. Parker was not about to have his life income so rudely snatched from him. He had a replacement ready and waiting in the wings: Elvis' twin brother, Aaron, supposedly dead all these years, who immediately assumed Elvis' identity.

The change in "Elvis" has by now become obvious. To prevent possible detection by the closeup range of movie cameras, it was decided to forego movies for awhile. It was suddenly revealed that "Elvis" had a wife, and had been married for some time, which in fact, Aaron had been. Nothing was heard from "Elvis" for another year, when a stream of schlock schmaltz singles started coming out with "Elvis" as the artist. To compensate for Aaron's lack of voice timbre—Elvis had one of the greatest rock voices of all time—studio techniques were employed, such as double-tracking [note "Elvis' " latest hit, "We're Caught in a Trap."] Personal appearances were then resumed, starting with a Las Vegas gig, very carefully chosen so that hard core Presley fans most likely wouldn't see it. The TV special where a surprisingly hip-looking Elvis appeared [the real Elvis had always resisted such hipness, preferring the same old style that characterized him in the 50's.]. But of course, nobody would ever suspect a thing—Elvis was just keeping up with the times.

Recent shots of the "new" Elvis, taken at his recent gig in Las Vegas. Looks a little different from the "old" Elvis (notice the high cheekbones, especially.).

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